Revisions 05/04/95
Revisions 05/11/95
Revisions 05/15/95
Revisions 05/17/95
Revisions 05/18/95
Revisions 05/19/95
Revisions 05/24/95
Revisions 05/31/95
Revisions 06/01/95
Revisions 06/06/95
Revisions 06/09/95

COPYCAT

by

David Madsen

Revisions by

Anne Biderman
Jay Presson Allen
Frank Pierson
Charles H. Eglee
Frank Darabont

Based on the book by David Madsen

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New Regency Productions, Inc.
818/954-3044
4000 Warner Boulevard
Burbank, CA 91522

October 28, 1994

A1 EXT. BERKELEY CAMPUS - DAY A1

Seen from overhead, coeds laze about on the lawn. It's a bright sunny day, one made for Frisbees and sunbathing. As the CAMERA slowly DESCENDS, we hear a WOMAN'S VOICE, her tone almost matter of fact.

WOMAN (V.O.)
Society creates these crippled creatures and their revenge is terrible. For a short while anyway they find a kind of bleak beauty in the torture of another human being.

The CAMERA has moved closer to the college girls. We can see the youth in their faces, hear the innocence in their soft LAUGHTER, as they chat about nothing in particular. The CAMERA TRACKS through them toward a lecture hall in B.G.

WOMAN (V.O.)
The screams of their own victims obliterate their own pain ... The act of killing makes them feel alive ... But then comes depression, despair, guilt. And a loneliness that can only be alleviated by another victim.

1 INT. MCCLUSKEY HALL - DAY 1

The voice belongs to DR. HELEN HUDSON, 30's, statuesque, patrician. She stands at a rostrum at the front of the packed auditorium. Behind her is a screen on which can be projected images, notes, diagrams, etc. Right now, the screen is filled with a 30-foot image of herself speaking.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Like drug addicts after their next fix, serial killers crave the rush they get from taking another life. Why? Because their emotions are stunted by years of abuse and rejection early in their lives. But what are the co-factors if any? Are they genetic? If so, what triggers violence in some people and not others? ... What we don't know about the mind of a serial killer is enough fill a battleship and sink it.

A beat as Helen looks out at the faces of her young audience, listening in rapt attention.

1 CONTINUED: 1

HELEN (CONT'D)
Would all the gentlemen in the room stand for a moment.

The males in the crowd look around, suddenly more than a little self-conscious.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Come on, indulge the girls and let us get a look at you ... It's only fair, after all the time you guys spend ogling us.

Murmurs, laughter, as one by one the guys stand.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Okay, everybody under twenty and over thirty-five have a seat ... If you're of Asian or African American descent you may sit down ... All right, girls. What d'ya see? Some pretty cute guys. If one of them invited you for a beer, you might go. Maybe dinner, dancing. Maybe even a dirty weekend in Big Sur... Well, let me tell you something. Ninety percent of serial killers are white males aged twenty to thirty-five, just like these ... Would you know if one of these cute guys is addicted to murder? Anything in their faces give you a clue?

As we PAN ACROSS the faces of the men in the audience, INTERCUT with the equally ordinary faces of Bundy, Buono, Bianchi, et al. projected in rapid succession on the screen behind her.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Albert DeSalvo, Bianchi and Buono, Berkowitz, Dahmer, Ted Bundy ... They were quiet, unassuming, even sweet. They held down jobs, made good neighbors. Their victims trusted them. they let their killers help carry groceries, when they offered. Many times their invited their killers into their homes. The FBI estimates that there could be as many as thirty-five serial killers stalking their victims right now. But ten thousand four hundred and seventy-nine agents

(MORE)

1 CONTINUED: (2) 1

HELEN (CONT'D)
can't find them. And five hundred ninety-seven thousand police officers can't stop them from killing.
(to the males)
Maybe you guys better sit down before you scare everyone half to death.

Nervous laughter.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Serial killers are a particularly modern disease. And one that afflicts the United States more than any other country in the world. But we won't find the cure in police science, which can only hope to catching the perpetrator after he's killed. The answer lies in preventive science. In understanding the horror residing in their heads, and how it got there ... Florida spent almost eight million dollars to electrocute Ted --

Having spotted something in the balcony, her voice chokes off. She stares motionless. At one side of the stage, in the wings, a heavyset, PLAINCLOTHES COP, looks up at this sudden interruption.

HELEN'S POV

DARYLL LEE CULLUM, a young man in his 20's, with bright red hair, elaborately tattooed arms, leans against the railing, listening intently.

HELEN

shoots a look over to the cop who's on his feet now, alert to her alarm. He is peeking around the proscenium, within an inch of revealing his presence to the audience.

HELEN'S POV

of the balcony. Daryll's gone.

1 CONTINUED: (3) 1

HELEN

perplexed. Did she see the figure of Daryll, or was it the product of her own imagination? In any case, the audience is waiting for her to continue.

HELEN
Florida spent eight million dollars executing Ted Bundy. Money better spent keeping him confined for life, the subject of intense scientific scrutiny. So that we could have perhaps understood why that one particular baby boy, out of all the others born on November 24, 1946, turned out to be a monster. Maybe then we'd be able to identify the Ted Bundys of the future ... before they kill.

2 INT. HALLWAY - DAY 2

The audience spills out into the hall. Among them is Helen, accompanied by the cop. People shake her hand, thank her, etc. Her mind is elsewhere.

HELEN
(aside to cop)
I need to find the ladies room.

3 INT. LADIES ROOM - DAY 3

A KNOCK. Door opens. The cop calls in.

COP
Anybody in here?

There's no answer. He enters, looks around. He opens the door to a broom closet - nothing. Then goes down the line of empty stalls. Under the door of the last stall he spots a pair of legs wearing black pantyhose and high heels.

COP (CONT'D)
'Scuse the intrusion, ma'am.
(to Helen in the doorway)
All yours.

He exits past her as she crosses to a stall.

3 CONTINUED: 3

CLOSE ON THE HIGH HEELS

As the person inside stands, pant legs slide down, covering the pantyhose. Noiselessly, the high heels are kicked off, one at a time. And then the feet disappear from view.

HELEN

A few stalls away, puts toilet paper around the rim of the seat. She turns, about to sit, as a noose made of braided wire looped through an eyelet, drops over her head and is violently yanked taut. Her airway cut off, she can't scream. She kicks violently against the metal door of the stall.

4 INT. HALLWAY - DAY 4

The cop reacts to the noise coming from the ladies room.

5 INT. LADIES ROOM - DAY 5

The cop pokes his head in.

COP
Dr. Hudson? Everything okay?

Getting no answer, he enters, drawing his weapon. Behind him, we see Helen hanging in the open stall. Then the door to the broom closet swings open. Daryll emerges, grabs the cop from behind, and presses a blade against his throat.

DARYLL LEE
That's my gun. Now what in the world are you doing with my gun?

He takes the cop's weapon, then turns him around so the cop can see Helen hanging there, gasping for air.

DARYLL LEE
Hey Doc, you're the expert. What does a sick fuck like me do in this situation? Do I gut him or shoot him? What say, Doc? Maybe I do both?

Without warning, Daryll Lee draws the blade sharply across the man's throat, inscribing a thin red line. The cop hangs there for a moment in stunned horror, his mouth opening and closing silently. Then Daryll pumps TWO SHOTS into his chest. The cop slams into the wall, then slides to the floor, leaving a red smear down the white tile. Daryll turns

5 CONTINUED: 5

and grins at Helen, who kicks and flails so violently she loosens the noose enough to get a gulp of air which fuels a horrible scream.

OMIT SCENES 6, 7

8 INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY 8

SECOND COP runs in SLOW MOTION toward the ladies room. Helen's weirdly distorted SCREAM OVERLAPS and STOPS --

ROLL MAIN TITLES

We HEAR a man, PETER, HUMMING tunelessly as his hands tap at a computer keyboard.

V8A ON THE SCREEN V8A

is a home video of a YOUNG WOMAN running through a park. She's dressed in sweat clothes, her hair in a braid. She's breathing heavily, apparently at the end of a long jog. The film on the screen REVERSES.

8A INT. PETER'S BASEMENT - DAY 8A

ECU

of just one of Peter's eyes behind glasses. In the lens, SEE the reflection of the computer screen as the film goes FORWARD once again, this time in extremely SLOW MOTION.

ON THE SCREEN

As the frame FREEZES at a point where the jogger's mouth is wide open to catch a deep breath, or perhaps to - SCREAM! We hear that scream as we...

END MAIN TITLES

9 INT. HELEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 9

Helen bolts awake from a nightmare. She's pale, her hair's a mess, circles under her eyes. She gets her bearings, calls --

HELEN

Andy ...

She's out of bed now, going from room to room of her loft apartment.

9A INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 9A

HELEN (CONT'D)
Andy ...

She looks into the study hoping to find him. It's empty. She whimpers in frustration. She's alone. Reflexively, she begins snapping the rubber band around her wrist.

9B INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 9B

Helen turns on lights, television, anything to alleviate her loneliness and calm her nerves. As she continues snapping the rubber band, then reciting as if it were a mantra --

HELEN (CONT'D)
George Washington, John Adams,
Thomas Jefferson, James Madison --

9C INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 9C

Reaching for the Xanax in the medicine cabinet, she continues reciting --

HELEN
James Monroe --
(takes one)
John Quincy Adams, Andrew Jackson,
Martin Van Buren --
(regarding herself in the mirror)
What you looking at?... William
Henry Harrison...

OMIT SCENE 9D

9E INT. HELEN'S OFFICE - MORNING 9E

Later. Dawn. A snifter of cognac in one hand, she goes to her computer station, which is arrayed in three units. On the screen on the right she types in a command and THE STRESSLINE caption comes up. She types in:

ANYONE AWAKE? NEED TO TALK. SHE DOC.

After a moment the following reply appears:

ANSWER
Hello SHE DOC. Panic attack?

Helen's fingers fly across the keyboard.

HELEN
No. Nightmare. You housebound?

9E CONTINUED: 9E

ANSWER
Six months. You?

HELEN
Thirteen and counting.

Helen's attention is diverted by her second computer, where a chess game is in progress. On the bottom, a command flashes from her opponent "CZECH MATE":

CZECH MATE
Make a goddamn move.

She studies the board for a moment, then uses the mouse to make her move.

CZECH MATE
Lousy move. Let's drop it. Let's meet. Like a date.

HELEN
Can't date. Not viable material. Stop flirting and move.

Picking up her snifter of brandy she wanders out of her study, picks up a remote lying on the table and clicks it BRIGHT SUNLIGHT floods into the room through the huge revolving blinds. She crosses, looks out across the sweeping view of the bay to Marin County in the distance. The phone RINGS, shattering her reverie. She hesitates, just looking at it, as it continues RINGING. Finally, she picks up the receiver, listens in silence, then --

HELEN
Yes?
(beat, reacting to what she hears)
You son of a bitch.

Stiff with fear and rage, she slams the phone down.

HELEN (CONT'D)
You filthy son of a bitch.

As Helen's provisional calm is destroyed --

OMIT SCENE 10

11 INT. TENEMENT BUILDING CORRIDOR - DAY 11

INSPECTOR M.J. MONAHAN is in a tense situation. She is 34, cute, though right now there is nothing cute about her. Wearing a helmet and a flak jacket, she moves along a dingy corridor, weapon drawn, on point. Behind her is INSPECTOR

11 CONTINUED: 11

M.J. stops at an intersecting hallway. Then, grasping her weapon with both hands, she spins off the wall, sweeps the other corridor. Nobody. Ruben crosses behind her, flattens himself against the wall on the other side. A beat. Suddenly, a FIGURE jumps out of an open doorway down the corridor past Ruben. Instantly, he drops into shooter's stance, squeezes off nine rounds from his semi-automatic pistol. The smoke clears, M.J. removes her helmet, revealing a look of displeasure. For the first time, we realize that they are not in an actual tenement, but a training range. M.J. regards what's left of Ruben's assailant who's made of particle board, mounted on a spring-loaded armature.

M.J.
The good news is you're still alive.

RUBEN
You see a downside in that I take it.

M.J.
This is kinda remedial stuff, Ruben.

RUBEN (CONT'D)
Whoa, whoa, whoa. Let's review the scenario we're working with here.

M.J.
Didn't anyone at the academy teach you to shoot surgically?

M.J.
You shredded him.

RUBEN
What can I say, I'm an intuitive cop.

M.J.
With poor impulse control. Let's assume you didn't shoot a seventy-five year old man who couldn't hear the warning 'cause he's deaf. Let's say you greased the guy while he was trying to surrender.

RUBEN
He jumped out at me.

M.J.
Now you're on administrative leave, pending an inquiry. Your friends are wondering if you really are a psychopath. And the guy's junkie wife's hired a lawyer who slams a wrongful death action up your tail.

RUBEN
Alright Smart Alice. Show me what ya got.

11 CONTINUED: (2) 11

Another figure suddenly pops out of the corridor behind M.J. It's a man holding a hostage at gunpoint. In a single fluid move, M.J. whips around and puts THREE ROUNDS neatly into the gunman's shoulder.

M.J.
Hit the brachial nerve, he drops the weapon, you read him his Mirandas. Plus, you haven't taken a human life, so your karma's still okay.

While she instructs Ruben, the cell phone on his belt has begun CHIRPING. He ignores it.

RUBEN
Are you hungry? 'Cause I'm starved.

M.J.
Aren't you gonna answer that?

RUBEN
I'm sure it's nothing important.

M.J.
I'm sure she thinks it is.

RUBEN
How about Moroccan? You like couscous?

M.J.
(re: phone)
Don't you want to know which one it is?

RUBEN
(finally answers)
Y'ello... Hey, heeeyyy. Is this mental telepathy or what? I was just gonna call you ...

M.J. rolls her eyes.

RUBEN (CONT'D)
...Oh, just the usual. Long days making sure justice prevails.

BLAM!BLAM!BLAM! M.J. puts three fast rounds into the next target.

RUBEN (CONT'D)
Listen, can I buzz you back? I'm kinda in the middle of something ... No, I promise ...

11 CONTINUED: (3) 11

M.J. takes a new clip her belt. Clicks it home.

RUBEN
You know, I'm thinking, that you're thinking, that maybe I'm some kind of a...

M.J.
Rake?

RUBEN
Rake?

M.J.
Rake, romeo, clam-digger, beaver boy, horndog, letch ...

M.J.'s pager BEEPS.

M.J.
(checks pager)
It's showtime.

12 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 12

Crime scene is taped off. Coroner's van, police cars clog street. Ruben and M.J. pull up in an unmarked car. The Motown oldie blaring on their RADIO is odd counterpoint to the grim proceedings.

INT. CAR - DAY

Ruben and M.J. hang in their car a moment, waiting for the song to end. Eyeing the activity, M.J. spots a TV newsvan, then reporter SUSAN SCHIFFER and her cameraman a.k.a. THE HAIRCUT.

M.J.
Oh Christ, the Mouth is here.

RUBEN
Y'know, you have the technology to end this woman's career.
(off her look)
Take out her brachial nerve and she won't be able to lift her arm high enough to put on all that makeup.

M.J.
It's a thought.

As they get out of their car --

12 CONTINUED: 12

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Susan makes a beeline for M.J.

SUSAN
(to M.J.)
Can you confirm the reports we're hearing that this latest murder fits the same pattern as the other two?

M.J.
I can't confirm anything, Susan. We just got here.

Susan dogs M.J. as she heads toward the apartment.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
In your opinion, is there a serial killer stalking the streets of San Francisco?

M.J.
As I said, we just got here and I'm not prepared to issue a statement at this time.

M.J. and Ruben duck under the yellow tape and make their escape.

M.J. (CONT'D)
Is that idiot trying to scare the daylights out of everybody?

RUBEN
Jesus, Quinn's here.

Ruben refers to Homicide Chief QUINN, standing at the top of the stairs conferring with a uniform. M.J. passes a police PHOTOGRAPHER unpacking his gear, leans over to him.

M.J.
Hey Bernie, grab me some overalls on the crowd will you? Nice clear faces.

PHOTOGRAPHER
(annoyed by this)
Why don't I ask everyone to say cheese?

Ruben and M.J. mount steps to Quinn who addresses them.

QUINN
Landlady found her. Front door was open. Tenant didn't answer the doorbell. The lady got worried,
(MORE)

12 CONTINUED: (2) 12

QUINN (CONT'D)
went in, saw the body. Used the phone to call 911, otherwise says she didn't touch nothing.

M.J.
Robbery?

QUINN
No sign of forced entry. Nothing else was disturbed ... It's all yours, kid. I'll take care of the Mouth and the Haircut.

Quinn heads down the stairs. M.J. and Ruben enter --

13 INT. APARTMENT HOUSE - DAY 13

Uniforms mill around hall outside victim's apartment. Inside, a CSI conducts his survey. M.J. approaches, queries a young uniformed cop, MIKE, about a distraught woman standing nearby, gazing vacantly out the window.

M.J.
That the landlady?

Mike nods.

M.J. (CONT'D)
Who was first on the scene?

Mike answers her question by replying to Ruben.

MIKE
I was.

M.J
Hello! Over here!
(off his badge)
Johnson... what's the first bit?

MIKE
Mike.

M.J.
You touch anything, Mike? Pick up anything? Open any doors? I don't want to get all excited about a good bunch of latents and find they're yours.

MIKE
No, I didn't.

13 CONTINUED: 13

She glances at him, at the SLIGHTLY ODD INFLECTION ON THE "I DIDN'T" but moves on.

M.J.
(of the landlady)
Ruben, want to get her statement?

Ruben crosses to the woman. M.J. heads into the apartment.

14 INT. BATHROOM - DAY 14

The young woman we saw jogging, her hair still in a braid, lies dead in the bathtub. Bending over her is the CORONER, who withdraws what looks like a large meat thermometer from the girl's side. M.J. squeezes into the small, crowded room, goes to Coroner.

M.J.
So Frank, got an estimate?

CORONER
Eight hours. Give or take.

M.J.
I'm seeing ligature marks on the neck, petechial hemorrhaging in the eyes. Strangled huh?

CORONER
Same as the other two.

In the B.G. phone RINGS. The atmosphere in the room suddenly tenses. M.J. goes to answers it.

TECHNICIAN
She can't come to the phone. She's in the tub.

Nobody laughs.

M.J.
Whoever writes your material man...You should fire him.

She picks up the phone with a tissue someone hands her.

M.J. (CONT'D)
Hello.

PHONE VOICE
Gina Martinez here. How are you this morning?

14 CONTINUED: 14

M.J.
Can I ask what this call is regarding?

PHONE VOICE
Would you like a new color TV absolutely free? All you have to do is visit Sunburst Time Share for a no oblig --

M.J. hangs up, resumes looking around the scene.

CORONER
Alright if I move her?

M.J.
Yeah, be nice to her.

M.J. exits.

15 INT. HALLWAY - DAY 15

M.J. crosses to Mike. He looks worried.

M.J.
Mike, where you the first one here?

MIKE
(his worry deepening)
Yeah.

M.J.
Did you touch anything?

MIKE
No.

M.J.
What's wrong, Mike? Something bothering you?

MIKE
Nope.

M.J.
If you're holding out on me, I'll get it out of you one way or another. You know I will.

MIKE
(a beat, then)
There was some kind of stocking round her neck when I found her... I don't know what happened to it.

15 CONTINUED: 15

M.J.
Who else was in there before the CSIs showed up?

MIKE
Lieutenant Quinn.

She seems relieved. Brightly:

M.J.
Well that's alright then, Mike. Thanks.

16 INT. QUINN'S OFFICE - DAY 16

The TV's on. It's the news, Susan Schiffer reporting.

V16 V16

M.J.
You mind telling me why you removed evidence from --

QUINN
Shh. I wanna hear this.

SUSAN (ON TV)
Tie-dye and peace signs were the order of the day in Golden Gate Park as the Festival of Love got under way commemorating the city's countercultural past. But all was not peace and love in Potrero Hill where homicide detectives discovered another grisly murder today.

SUSAN (CONT'D ON TV)
Police would not comment but informed sources in the department say the latest death could be the work of the same killer responsible for the deaths of two other women --

M.J.
You messed with the evidence.

Quinn turns off the TV set angrily. M.J. stubs out his cigarette. Quinn is not happy about this.

QUINN
Somebody around here can't keep their big fat yap shut and I want to know who it is.

M.J.
What did you do with the stocking?

16 CONTINUED: 16

QUINN
Look, I tagged the damned stocking. I just don't want some blabbermouth leaking the M.O. to her --
(indicates TV)
-- so she can spread it all over the airwaves, leaving us no cards to play.

M.J.
Am I in charge if this thing. Or not?

QUINN
What are you so damn prickly about ... all of a sudden?

M.J.
Then I ought to be deciding what evidence to sequester ... Sir.

QUINN
(fatigued)
Detective, is there evidence you think should be sequestered in this case?

M.J.
The stocking around the neck.

QUINN
Jesus, you're a pushy broad.

M.J. smiles at this.

M.J.
I'll take that as a compliment sir.

QUINN
You didn't say serial killer and I didn't say serial killer, right?

M.J.
Right.

And Quinn relights his broken cigarette.

17 INT. HELEN'S APARTMENT - DAY 17

Helen opens the door. In the hallway outside, a newspaper lies perhaps six feet away.

17 CONTINUED: 17

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Helen stretches her foot forward toward the paper, can't reach it. As she moves out into the hall -

HER POV

The building seems to elongate, walls take on exaggerated perspective. The newspaper recedes.

HELEN

snapping the rubber band on her wrist, she drops to her knees and crawls along the floor which rolls in waves toward her. She reaches for the newspaper, which melts like the Dali watch. Finally, with supreme effort, she grabs it and retreats back to --

18 INT. HELEN'S APARTMENT - DAY 18

Gasping for breath, she shuts the door, composes herself a moment, looks at the paper.

INSERT

POLICE BAFFLED IN DEATH OF THIRD WOMAN

HELEN
Idiots.

OMIT SCENE 19

20 INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY 20

Busy. DETECTIVE NICOLETTI, 40, old school, interrogates HARVEY.

NICOLETTI
You followed the girl home and then what?

HARVEY
I killed her.

NICOLETTI
Where did you kill her?

HARVEY
In the bathtub.

20 CONTINUED: 20

NICOLETTI
Why d'you do that?

HARVEY
Because she was dirty. Because she was a very dirty dirty girl.

NICOLETTI
So you remember how many times you stabbed her, Harve?

HARVEY
Er... Eighty-seven?

NICOLETTI
(stands)
Get the fuck outa here, Harvey. I got work to do.

HARVEY
The blood of the innocents is on these hands...

NICOLETTI
Either you scram, or I'm gonna make you stand in the corner again.

This sobers Harvey, who slinks off. Then, to M.J. arriving at next desk with an armload of files.

NICOLETTI (CONT'D)
Was it something I did in another life?

M.J.
Probably something you did in this life...

Ruben walks up to M.J. Nicoletti regards the loud tie he's wearing with disdain.

RUBEN
Mercer's gone through all her receipts, medical, dental, legal, dry cleaning. Nothing in common with the other two victims.

NICOLETTI
(flicking Ruben's tie)
What's that round your neck, Rube?

RUBEN
I'd get one like yours, Nikko. Sadly, I don't live near a K-Mart.

20 CONTINUED: (2) 20

M.J.
(ignoring this)
How about friends, acquaintances?

RUBEN
Zip-ola. The only thing these girls had in common... they all owned vibrators.

M.J.
That's not a lead... It's an implement of survival.

Ruben sticks his tongue out at M.J., heads off.

NICOLETTI
How can he show up at work wearing something like that?

M.J.
Would you lay offa him.

NICOLETTI
Hey, cops are supposed to look like cops --

M.J.
Yeah, yeah, yeah. What's the world coming to?

In B.G., PACHULSKI is on phone, covers receiver, calls to M.J.

PACHULSKI
It's Deep Throat again... Makes three calls today, fourteen total.

M.J.
Phone company set up on our centrex yet?

RUBEN
This morning.

M.J.
Let's put a tracer on her ass.
(answering phone)
Homicide. Inspector Monahan speaking.

PACHULSKI
Ask her about the moonbike.

M.J
I'm really interested in your ideas. The moonbike. What is that?

21 INT. HELEN'S APARTMENT - DAY 21

HELEN
Moonbike?? What are you... "Lunar cycle." I said "lunar cycle"! I thought he might be on a lunar cycle because the first two were twenty-eight days apart... You want to make jokes about moonbikes??

M.J.
No ma'am. This is no joke. And neither is tying up police lines with crank calls when people...

HELEN
Are you calling me a crank?

M.J.
Do you have any evidence to report Ma'am? Do you know any of the victims?

HELEN
I think this is number three.

M.J.
That is an opinion not evidence, Ma'am. May I ask who I'm speaking with?

But Helen hangs up. DIAL TONE.

As she does so, Gigi comes up to M.J. with a slip of paper... M.J. reads it, glares at Pachulski who's still grinning and slaps the piece of paper on his desk

PACHULSKI
Who's Helen Hudson?

21A INT. POLICE LIBRARY - DAY 21A

V28 CLOSE ON A TV V28

Helen's on the witness stand.

ATTORNEY (ON TV)
In your evaluation, you characterized the defendant as a sexual sadist because he satisfied four of the ten criteria in the DSM IIIR. Is that correct?

HELEN (ON TV)
Yes.

21A/V28 CONTINUED: 21A/V28

M.J. sits watching the video-taped proceedings on a VCR.

ATTORNEY (ON TV)
Four out of ten. Forty percent. When I was in school, that was an F, Ms. Hudson. Isn't it more accurate to say Darryl Lee Cullum has failed the test that would have classified him as a sadist?

HELEN (ON TV)
DSM IIIR is only one of the factors we look at in evaluating a subject.

M.J. fast forwards through the tape.

HELEN (CONT'D ON TV)
-- individuals suffering from aural hallucinations hear voices in both ears. Mr. Cullum reported that the voices he heard always spoke to him in his left ear.

M.J. fast forwards.

HELEN (CONT'D ON TV)
-- was not driven by mad impulse. It was my conclusion that Mr. Cullum meets the M'Naughten rules for sanity. And at the time of the murders was aware his actions were morally wrong and unlawful.

During this Quinn enters with a manila envelope.

QUINN
Lab results, hot off the press. No sperm.

M.J.
Surprise, surprise. So we've definitely got a serial...

QUINN
You didn't say it... Who's that? That the broad who got the cop killed?

M.J.
I thought she might be useful.

QUINN
The woman's a wrong number! Work the clues, for Chrissakes.

21A CONTINUED: (2) 21A

Noticing someone else in the library listening in, M.J. moves out into the corridor. Quinn follows.

M.J.
Sir, what clues? We got no clues! Nobody in this department has ever worked a serial case and I need someone who....

QUINN
Whoa... whoa. I did.

M.J.
The Zodiac, right?

QUINN
Yeah.

M.J.
They ever catch the Zodiac sir? Or did he die of old age?

GIGI approaches them.

GIGI
Lieutenant, Commissioner on two. About the Chinatown thing...?

She goes.

QUINN
Work the clues.

He goes. M.J. turns back to the monitor in time to see the camera pan from Helen to DARRYL LEE. HE PANTOMIMES SHE'S A DEAD WOMAN AND GRINS PLEASANTLY.

22 INT. HELEN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY 22

Helen's watching TV, hears a comically elaborate code KNOCK. Door opens. ANDY, 40's, her assistant and friend, enters with groceries.

HELEN
Finally!! Where have you been?

ANDY
It's seventy degrees out, the UV index is eight, wind's out of the east at five miles an hour and smells like chocolate from Ghirardelli Square.

22 CONTINUED: 22

HELEN
You're late.

She trails him into --

OMIT SCENES 23, 24

25 INT. KITCHEN - DAY 25

Where he begins putting away the groceries.

ANDY
Someone broke the antenna off your car. So I had no music all the way to the store and back ... You really shouldn't leave the car out there. Particularly since you never drive.

HELEN
I'm not paying for a garage.

ANDY
(busy throwing stuff out of the fridge)
My dear, with what you spend on pate alone you could garage the Queen Mary.

HELEN
I got another call.

ANDY
(not wanting to get involved - sniffing a new Camembert)
Mmmm lovely! Shall I just toss it right now?...

HELEN
This time he spoke to me.

ANDY
What'd he say?

HELEN
You and me ... you and me ...

ANDY
I hope you corrected his grammar and told him it was you and I.

HELEN
Andy, would you call again? Please.

25 CONTINUED: 25

ANDY
Please don't make me call that prison.

HELEN
Andy, if a three-year-old tells you there's a monster under the bed, you look ... I'm three years old ... Call the prison. Please.

Seeing the fear in her face, he puts his arms around her. After a moment --

HELEN
I know, I'm a mess.

ANDY
(fussing with her hair)
No, no. I'm sure the mice are very happy in there.

Helen can't help smiling. The doorbell RINGS. Instantly, the smile disappears, replaced by panic. She grips Andy's arm, white-knuckled.

HELEN
Andy ... Andy ...

ANDY
It's just the doorbell. We're not going to die!

Helen just folds her arms and rocks slowly. Andy gives her an affectionate pat.

ANDY (CONT'D)
Get a grip. I'll see who it is.

Andy goes to front door, opens it, finds M.J. and Ruben. M.J. flashes shield.

RUBEN
San Francisco Homicide. I'm Inspector Goetz... this is Inspector Monahan. Is Helen Hudson here?

ANDY
Er, look I'm sorry, this is not really...

M.J
We'd really appreciate just a couple of minutes of Dr. Hudson's time.

25 CONTINUED: (2) 25

ANDY
Well... come on in.

As he leads them through the hallway, M.J and Ruben take in the space around them. Not your average pad... Helen is awaiting them in the living room already rigid with anxiety. Andy gets halfway through introductions before Helen interrupts.

HELEN
He's escaped again, hasn't he?

M.J.
I'm sorry?

HELEN
Look, is he out or isn't he?

M.J.
I'm not following, Ma'am. We'd like to talk to you about your phone calls to our office.

HELEN
What calls? I didn't make any calls.

ANDY
(pointedly to Helen)
Well, isn't this nice. Would everyone like to sit down? Shall I make coffee?

HELEN
Andy, would you get me my - stuff.

ANDY
Joyfully.

ANDY goes.

M.J
I talked to you this morning Dr. Hudson. D'you remember?

HELEN
Of course I remember, there's nothing wrong with my memory. You're the one who called me a crank.

M.J.
Yes, Ma'am.

25 CONTINUED: (3) 25

HELEN
(sitting abruptly)
Well, I suppose I am. You see, I thought Darryl Lee Cullum might have gotten out of prison and as you might know...

RUBEN
Ma'am, if Darryl Lee had escaped I promise you, you'd be the very first to know.

HELEN
Well... I guess I'm relieved.

M.J
You called us, Doctor Hudson.

HELEN
Yes I did. I'm sorry. It won't happen again.

M.J.
Would you mind telling us why?

HELEN
Because I don't understand why you people insist on hiding the truth.

M.J.
How so?

HELEN
There's a serial killer out there. The public has a right to know. Don't you think?

M.J.
Even if there's a chain of evidence connecting these murders, nothing's been reported in the press. How do you connect them?

Helen takes her meds. Andy takes the empty water glass, heads off into the kitchen.

HELEN
(heavy irony)
Oh I don't know... Just twenty years of experience and serial killers on the brain...

M.J
Doctor Hudson, would you work with

25 CONTINUED: (4) 25

HELEN
You must be joking.

M.J.
No.

HELEN
Look perhaps you don't realize. I've not been well. I've retired.

M.J.
Is that why you called the station fourteen times? Because you're retired? Hey, why don't I just go downstairs and call on the phone and we can pretend it's not you. Come on, help me out here. I really admire your work and I feel that...

HELEN
(to Ruben)
She play this wide-eyed little girl routine often?

RUBEN
Sometimes.

HELEN
And does it work?

RUBEN
Yeah, usually.

HELEN
(to M.J.)
Well not today. Please spare me the bullshit Inspector. You don't admire me, you don't even like me. None of you people do. But the beautiful part of it is - I don't give a fuck. That's the upside of having a breakdown. Now I really do have a lot to do...

But M.J. is already pulling out some large manila files from her attaché case --

M.J.
Well, Ma'am, it's a hell of an apartment you got here. I guess the books you wrote about these scumbags must have paid pretty good. Now we can't afford to pay you your usual kind of fee...

25 CONTINUED: (5) 25

HELEN
(over this)
No. Please. I don't want those here...

M.J
But if you'd be so kind as to look at these pictures...

HELEN
Look I don't want this. Could you please go.

M.J.
We can look at them downtown if you'd prefer.

RUBEN
Yeah I'll drive, if you'd be more comfortable...

At this suggestion, Helen begins having difficulty catching her breath, calls --

HELEN
Andy ...

She struggles to her feet, dropping her glass which shatters on the table. She starts snapping the rubber band on her wrist as she staggers toward the kitchen. Ruben goes to help her.

RUBEN
What's wrong?

HELEN
Please ... just stay away.
(calls)
ANDY! ...

Andy runs from the kitchen, bringing a paper bag. Helen slumps into his arms, he lowers her to the floor.

ANDY
Okay. Just breathe. I'm here.

As he places the bag over her nose and mouth, she breathes in and out, inflating and deflating the bag. After a moment, her eyes gently close. M.J. and Ruben look on, concerned, but Andy is treating this like an everyday event.

M.J.
Should we call the paramedics?

25 CONTINUED: (6) 25

ANDY
No. Just a good old-fashioned panic attack. She hyperventilates 'til she passes out, then her breathing goes back to normal and she's fine.

RUBEN
What did we do?

ANDY
She's agoraphobic.

RUBEN
She's afraid of spiders too?

ANDY
(unfazed)
She hasn't left the house in over a year.

RUBEN
Sure she's okay?

ANDY
In a half hour, she'll be singing like a lark.

M.J.
Well, tell her we're sorry to have bothered her.

M.J. starts to gather up the scatted photographs

ANDY
Did you want her to look at those? If you really do, leave 'em... I'll make sure they're safe.

M.J. puts the envelope back down on the table, leaves a business card on top.

M.J.
You know what? Have her call me if she feels like it.

As M.J. and Ruben leave --

26 EXT. HELEN'S APARTMENT - DAY 26

Ruben and M.J. head toward their car.

RUBEN
That is one strange ranger.

26 CONTINUED: 26

M.J.
Quinn said she was a crackpot. He left out pill-popping, juice-head, hyperventilating, agoraphobic asshole.

RUBEN
I thought she was kinda sweet.

M.J.
(getting into her car)
Sweet?! Ruben I swear to God...

FROM HIGH ABOVE, in the unmistakably JERKY MOVEMENTS OF A HOME MOVIE CAMERA, we see M.J. and Ruben drive off. The CAMERA PANS UP to Helen's window and ZOOMS IN.

27 INT. HELEN'S APARTMENT - DAY 27

Helen lies on the couch, eyes closed. She opens them to see Andy, who's come back to check on her.

HELEN
Are they gone?... Oh fuck, fuck, fuck... Did I look really stupid?

ANDY
No, no, no. I think you look rather good with a bag over your head.

HELEN
Oh fuck. I want to die.

ANDY
I wouldn't. He'll be back.

HELEN
Who?

ANDY
Don't be coy. You thought he was cute too. Didn't you? Come on, I know you love those cute brutal types with the eyebrows and handcuffs.

Helen grins and Andy starts to tickle her.

ANDY
Come on... admit... admit...

Helen now laughing a little too hard. Suddenly the laughter changes to tears.

27 CONTINUED: 27

ANDY
What? What I do?

HELEN
I miss men.

ANDY
What am I, chopped liver?

HELEN
You know what I mean. I miss having someone warm and strong to snuggle up to.

ANDY
God forbid he snores...

HELEN
And I really miss sex!

ANDY
(helping her to the couch)
Come on you slut. No young cops for you till you get rid of those mice... Now you can sit here, look at the pictures, and I'll get the coffee.

HELEN
I can't, Andy.

ANDY
Well why don't you just die then? They'll find your body amongst the piles of unread papers and unread mail, and they'll say "that's the old hermit lady who ate cat food and camembert. She was a really good shrink once."
(bringing her the coffee)
Here's your coffee. Make up your mind. Live or die.

The phone RINGS. Helen stares at it like a frightened rabbit. Andy goes to answer it.

27A EXT. HELEN'S APARTMENT - DAY 27A

Through the viewfinder of a CAMCORDER see Andy at the phone. We hear his voice through the receiver.

ANDY'S VOICE
Hudson residence... Hello?...

27A CONTINUED: 27A

INSERT - CELLULAR PHONE

ANDY'S VOICE (CONT'D)
Who is this?

A finger comes into frame and presses END, severing the connection.

28 INT. SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT 28

Nearly empty. It's the end of the shift. M.J. sits at her desk, looking at photos of the victims.

OMIT SCENE 29

30 INT. HELEN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 30

Helen takes a deep breath, a deep gulp of cognac. And opens the files. Grisly photographs of the crime scenes fan across her coffee table.

In a SERIES OF SHOTS, INTERCUT the faces of Helen and M.J. and photos of the victims.

Finally, Helen puts down the photographs, stands, heads up the stairs, snifter in hand, a bit unsteady.

30A EXT. HELEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 30A

Seen through a CAMCORDER, Helen stands at an upstairs window. The CAMCORDER ZOOMS IN CLOSE on Helen as she hits a button, closing the electric blinds.

30B INT. HELEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 30B

Helen walks up the stairs. Something about the movement of the camera makes us feel anxious for her. She thinks she hears a noise:

HELEN
Andy?....Andy?

But Andy's not there.

30C INT. HELEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 30C

Helen enters, goes to her closet, crosses to the closet, indecisive about what to wear. Pulls out an outfit, tosses it on the bed.

30D INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 30D

Helen is in the shower. In a SERIES OF SHOTS, she gives herself over to the steam and hot water, letting it cleanse the grisly images from her body if not her mind.

30E INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT - LATER 30E

Out of the shower, wrapped in a towel, a towel around her head. Something isn't right. She reaches for the snifter, exits into --

30F INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 30F

Helen freezes at what she sees, HER RED DRESS, the one not worn since the fateful lecture, laid out on the white bedspread. A long moment as she tries to make sense of this through the fatigue, medication, and alcohol. Did she do this? If so, why can't she remember? She looks around the room... nothing else is disturbed. Abandoning her cognac, she sits on the bed, looking at the dress a long troubled moment.

31 INT. SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT 31

Later. Still at her desk, M.J. chews a fingernail, now looking at a photo of the curious onlookers outside the Potrero Hill apartment. PAN across the faces in the crowd.

CLOSE ON M.J.

who looks up with a start at someone standing over her, then registering relief.

M.J.
You spared me.

It's Nicoletti, who's stopped by on his way out.

NICOLETTI
Burning the midnight oil?

M.J.
(re: crime scene photos)
This stuff never gets any easier.

NICOLETTI
That's why they pay us the small bucks.

He crosses to her desk. Puts an envelope in front of her.

31 CONTINUED: 31

NICOLETTI (CONT'D)
Here. Take a look.

M.J. picks it up, examines it.

M.J.
So you finally did it.

NICOLETTI
Yeah. It's all legal. Finished. We just got to figure who gets custody of the cat.

M.J.
How's Patty taking it?

NICOLETTI
Okay. She's okay.

M.J.
(flat)
Well I'm really pleased for you, Nik.

NICOLETTI
... Listen, when you're done here, how 'bout we go to Joe's - grab a steak? Celebrate.

M.J.
I don't think so. Thanks anyway.

NICOLETTI
You got other plans or what? Not that it's any of my business...

M.J.
You got that right.

NICOLETTI
What then...?

M.J.
Look... We go out, one thing leads to another 'cos it always does, and we're back where we started.

NICOLETTI
So what you telling me here? You...

Nicoletti is interrupted by the arrival of Ruben, carrying several boxes of take-out food.

31 CONTINUED: (2) 31

RUBEN
Bean curd. Smoked eel sushi. Prawn tempura. Seaweed salad... You joining us, Nikko?

NICOLETTI
You kiss your mother after you eat that stuff?

RUBEN
No, but I'll kiss you if you like.

NICOLETTI
Go fuck yourself Rube.

He goes.

RUBEN
Who put the bug up his ass?

M.J.
I guess he doesn't like sushi... Where's my cheeseburger?

RUBEN
I made an executive decision. Japanese. Better for your heart.

M.J.
You didn't even get me french fries? Ruben you're really pissing me off.

RUBEN
(munching)
Any word from Helen-put-a-bag-over-my-head-Hudson?

M.J.
Not yet. But there will be.

RUBEN
No way.

M.J.
Five bucks we hear from her tonight.

RUBEN
Deal.
(pats his pocket, feigns surprise)
Now what is a quarter pounder with cheese doing in my pocket?

31A INT. HELEN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 31A

Helen reaches for the card left by M.J. with the photographs. Thinks for a moment. Then takes the telephone and dials.

HELEN
Inspector Monahan please.

OMIT SCENES 32, V32

33 INT. HELEN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 33

Present are M.J., Ruben and Helen. Helen reclines on the couch, shuffling through crime scene photographs, reading them like tarot cards. Ruben deals with Helen. M.J. watches intently.

HELEN
These three are the work of the same man.
(she puts one file aside)
This one is different. D'you put it in to test me?

RUBEN
Well, not exactly. We had reason to believe...

HELEN
God I have to pass tests now! Is this an ongoing case?

RUBEN
About six months...

HELEN
(fast and factual - she's done this many times before)
The scene is very disorganized. The guy probably lives nearby - he would have been too disoriented to drive. Look for someone with a history of mental illness, probably on welfare. Look for a lover, family member or friend. Someone who knew her and cared about her.

RUBEN
The guy beat the shit out of her!

HELEN
Yes, but he felt remorse. He covered her afterwards because he felt bad about what he'd done... Not like this one. This is a very
(MORE)

33 CONTINUED: 33

HELEN (CONT'D)
different kettle of fish... These are highly organized. There was no blood, no prints no stains no nothing right?

RUBEN
Right...

HELEN
He's very fastidious. Probably barely even broke a sweat. No signs of forced entry so he probably charmed his way in... No rape. These aren't about sex. They're about power. See the multiple thumb marks on the throat - were the tracheal bones broken?

RUBEN
Yes they were.

HELEN
He strangles them face to face so they can see his power. Then he revives them and begins again. For that period of time he feels like God. You're looking for an intelligent, white male, probably aged twenty to thirty, socially functional, with a major interest in American History.
(a beat)
So... did I pass?

RUBEN
What exactly did you mean by American History?

HELEN
Where is the stocking that was tied round this one's neck?

M.J.
How d'you know about that?

HELEN
Tied in a bow like this - right?

M.J.
Yes.

33 CONTINUED: (2) 33

HELEN
Oh for God's sake. It's the Boston Strangler! He's imitating Albert deSalvo right down to the fine details.

RUBEN
Whoa! You're telling us this guy's copycatting a serial killer who's been dead, what...

M.J.
Twenty years.

RUBEN
And why deSalvo? Why not someone who's been in the news recently like Gacy or Ramirez?

HELEN
I don't know. These guys are like viruses. There's always some new mutation.

M.J., who has been very still throughout all this, is suddenly all action. Gathering her stuff to leave.

M.J.
Thank you for your help Doctor. Very much appreciate it. Ruben, we'll start by getting the full records, Boston homicide files, autopsies, everything we can dig up on deSalvo. Doctor, perhaps if we could call you tomorrow...

She has stopped because Helen is smiling to herself.

M.J. (CONT'D)
What?

HELEN
Nothing... It's just that you think you can catch him by being intelligent and working hard. You'll take statements and search the files and work the evidence... But you know how he'll get caught? He'll run a red light, or there'll be a bad smell in the basement. It'll be dumb luck - and nothing you or I or any of us did will have counted for anything.

33 CONTINUED: (3) 33

M.J.
Well Ma'am, all I know how to do is get up, take a shower, go to work and hope if I don't nail the little shit today I'll nail him tomorrow and they'll spell my name right in the papers.

And without further ceremony M.J. walks away, leaving Ruben to deal with the niceties. Helen, fired up now and unwilling to be left on her own, rattles on to Ruben.

HELEN
Or you know the worst...? The killings go on, month after month... they get more vicious, more bizarre... then one day they just stop. Like the Green River killer. And you wonder what happened? Did he just decide he'd had enough? Did he get sick and die? Did he have an auto accident? It's like he walked off the edge of the earth. And you never know... But every time there's a body found you wonder - is he back?

RUBEN
Well, goodnight. And thank you.

HELEN
Good luck... You're going to need it.

And she closes the door.

V33A EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - NIGHT V33A

POV THROUGH A CAMCORDER

of a rock concert, "The Festival of Love." PAN the audience, some of whom are of that era, though the vast majority is young. PICK UP and STAY WITH a joint as it is passed from kid in sixties costume to a girl with a buzz cut, et al. until the CAMERA PICKS UP and STAYS WITH a GIRL making unsteady progress through the crowd. Becoming aware she's on camera, she giggles at first, a bit shy, then mugs - a funny face, a sexy pose, she finishes the peace sign.

QUINN (V.O.)
The three most over-rated things in the world are regular exercise, young pussy, and the FBI.

FREEZE FRAME.

33B INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY 33B

As M.J. and Quinn stride purposefully down the corridor.

M.J.
Oh maaan....

QUINN
What? I talk like a cop. This is how I talk. I got the Commissioner up my ass saying we could use a little help.

M.J.
We could use a little help. We need the VICAP, we need their database thingies...

QUINN
The FBI bury you with fucking help. With the Patty Hearst thing, some snotnose in a crewcut took over my desk for a month...

M.J.
So you're saying...

QUINN
(awkward about this)
Look, you want help? Nikko is nearly done on the Chinatown thing. I'll put Nikko in with you.

M.J.
That really won't be necessary, sir...

They head into --

33C INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 33C

A meeting in progress. Present are Ruben, Pachulski, INSPECTORS KERBY, KOSTAS and LANDIS. Nikko is getting his gun out of his drawer, putting on his jacket.

RUBEN
So I'm checking anyone who lives like deSalvo, psychiatric hospitals with anyone who has a similar profile... anyone with a German wife... anyone wearing green pants...
(to M.J. and Quinn as they join)
Hey, we just started.

33C

33C CONTINUED:

M.J.
Files in from Boston yet?

RUBEN
Fedex'd this morning. Be here tomorrow first thing.

QUINN
(casually)
Hey Nikko where you going?

NIKKO
Chinatown...

QUINN
Sit in here for a minute will ya?

M.J. and Ruben exchange looks.

M.J.
Patch, what's up?

PACHULSKI
Still running phone records.

M.J.
On this last one?

PACHULSKI
No... the ones before.

M.J.
For Chrissakes, Patch, you been on this a week.

PACHULSKI
I put in for overtime but nothing doing.

M.J. turns to Quinn.

QUINN
I'm on the hook here, M.J.

M.J.
Gonna make a great headline. "Investigation Stalls, Budget Cuts Blamed."

QUINN
(relenting)
Whatever you need. Put it together any way you want. Just don't call it a task force, OK? Draws the

33C CONTINUED: (2) 33C

RUBEN
(to Kerby)
Herbie, anything turn up off registered sex offenders?

KERBY
So far on the nights in question all the rapists, child-molesters, weenie-waggers, and toilet seat lickers were tucked up safe in bed. Only have several hundred cases to go...

RUBEN
Any recents for animal mutilation?

KOSTAS
Only case I got's juvenile, so the records are sealed. Gotta go to the court with a name.

QUINN
OK. That it?... Thank you lady and gentlemen. Let's do it....

He stands, meeting over. Everyone gathers files, chairs scrape.

QUINN
You getting anything from that Hudson broad?

M.J.
Besides a headache?

OMIT SCENE 34

35 INT. HELEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT 35

Helen sits at her side-by-side computers. On the Internet, messages are scrolling by, a ceaseless flow of chatter. On the other, a chess game is again in progress. Helen makes a move, sits back, pleased with herself. Andy enters, dressed to go out for the evening.

ANDY
You winning?

HELEN
Bet your ass.

ANDY
(relieved to see her cheerful)

35 CONTINUED: 35

HELEN
Have fun.

Andy goes. Helen makes another move. Types in "I'm creaming you." Beside her, THE SMALL MAILBOX ICON SUDDENLY FLIPS UP WITH A SMALL "PING". Helen's engrossed in her own screen, doesn't see it. She scrolls to the end of the article, then leans back in her chair, stretches, rolls her neck, etc., catches a glimpse of other screen. Seeing she has a message, she clicks in. Screen reads --

A GAME FOR YOU. PLEASE RUN "TOMORROW.AVI" FILE ON YOUR PLAYER.

Helen clicks on AVI player icon, types "TOMORROW.AVI", hits enter.

A PICTURE APPEARS. IT IS THE FACE OF THE GIRL IN THE BATHTUB. THEN SLOWLY THE IMAGE STARTS TO MORPH. THE GIRL'S ARM FLIPS UP IN ALMOST COMICAL FASHION. HER FACE STARTS TO CHANGE TO... THE SMILING FACE OF THE GIRL IN THE ROCK CONCERT. THE IMAGE DANCES JERKILY AS ITS BODY DECOMPOSES FIRST, THEN THE FACE. THE IMAGE FREEZES.

Helen looks on, paralyzed with horror. She shouts for Andy but he's long gone.

OMIT SCENES 36, 37, 38

39 INT. HELEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT 39

M.J. and Ruben are looking at the decomposed face on the computer screen. Helen sits away from it.

HELEN
She's next.

M.J.
How do you know?

HELEN
Because I know!! I watched her face change to that.

M.J.
How did he send this to you?

RUBEN
He's hacked into her Internet address.

M.J.
Can we trace it?

39 CONTINUED: 39

RUBEN
Not unless he's actually on the line.

M.J.
Can we play it back?

HELEN
At the bottom of the screen there's a rewind icon. Click on that.

M.J.
And can we get a copy of that face?

RUBEN
Sure.

M.J.
Christ Ruben... maybe, just maybe we can save a life here.

RUBEN
It's too big a file to copy to disk.

HELEN
(who's been sitting rocking, rocking)
Back up to tape.

M.J.
What?

RUBEN
She's got a tape back-up. We can make a copy and take it with us.

M.J.
(quietly to Ruben)
How d'you know about all this stuff?

RUBEN
Misspent youth in video arcades...?
(to Helen)
Want me to do it?

Helen mutely nods assent. Ruben goes to work. M.J. turns to Helen.

M.J.
Why would he send this to you?

HELEN
Why d'you think?

39 CONTINUED: (2) 39

M.J.
I don't know. Nobody's mentioned your involvement in this...

HELEN
There is no involvement! I am not involved!! This is a game they play. They hang around at the scenes watching the cops. He's watching you - and you've led him straight to me!

M.J.
But he didn't write to me, he wrote to you. Why?

HELEN
Because I'm their damn pin-up girl that's why! They all know me. They collect clippings... I'm their muse... I'm their worthy opponent...

Ruben suddenly interrupts her with a muttered:

RUBEN
Hello!... What the hell...?

They turn to look at the screen. A LEGEND APPEARS:

NOW YOU SEE ME

NOW A GRINNING SKULL APPEARS ATOP A PAIR OF CLAW-LIKE HANDS. IT TURNS AND SCUTTLES AWAY WITH THE SOUND OF DERISIVE LAUGHTER AND IS REPLACED BY THE WORDS:

NOW YOU DON'T

Helen moves over to the machine and maneuvers the mouse and keyboard.

HELEN
It's gone! The file's not here.
(to Ruben)
What did you do?

RUBEN
I didn't do anything! I just set up to copy to tape but the damn thing never ran. It just did that....

M.J.
Jesus Christ Ruben, that was hard evidence. How can it be gone?

39 CONTINUED: (3) 39

Helen has been working feverishly. She's getting nothing but error messages: "Cannot find. File TOMORROW.AVI does not exist."

HELEN
It's gone. It's not on the C drive, it's not in list. None of the utilities are retrieving it...

RUBEN
You think he put a virus in there?

HELEN
Has to be...

M.J.
Would somebody mind...?

RUBEN
He wrote a self-destruct virus into the program. You try to copy it, it erases itself.
(impressed in spite of himself)
Gotta hand it to him....

M.J.
(to Helen)
Do you remember what she looked like?

HELEN
She was a girl! She looked like a million other girls. I barely saw her...

M.J.
We should get back to the office. Get Mercer into this. There's got to be a way...

Helen is on her feet now, behind the computer starting to pull plugs out of sockets.

M.J.
What are you doing?

HELEN
I'm not leaving this on. This thing's like a fucking open window. He can get in any time he wants!

M.J.
So he comes in the window. We grab

39 CONTINUED: (4) 39

HELEN
(a crescendo of fear)
Great! So what am I? The lamb tied to the stake here? You don't understand this is the only space I have in the world... I am not going to let you...

M.J.
I'll get a guard over here first thing...

HELEN
I'm not having anyone else here...

RUBEN
Hey, hey... We're on the same team. We'll turn the monitor back on. I'll stay and watch it till we can figure something out, OK?
(to M.J.)
Go on.

M.J. looks at Ruben and Helen together. And then after a fleeting moment of hesitation:

M.J.
(to Ruben)
Catch you later.

And she goes.

OMIT SCENES 40, 41, 42, 43, 44

45 EXT. HELEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 45

POV through a camcorder. PICK UP M.J., her back towards us, about to get into her car. The camera sweeps towards her like a predatory animal in a sudden frightening rush. M.J. whips around in surprise.

REVEAL

Susan Schiffer, who shoves a microphone at her. M.J. keeps moving, not wanting to give her the time of day.

SUSAN
Detective Monahan, sorry to startle you. Does the fact that you are leaving the home of Dr. Helen Hudson mean you are now treating this as a serial case?

45 CONTINUED: 45

M.J.
(attempting to get into her car)
I have no statement to make at this time. Now I'm sorry I have...

SUSAN
Is it true that a task force is currently being set up to investigate these killings? Will you be heading up...?

M.J.
I have no statement to make at this time.

SUSAN
Look gimme a break, M.J. We're both girls trying to do a job here.

M.J.
I'm sorry Susan.

M.J.'s in her car, fires up the engine, screeches away from the curb.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
Bitch!

46 INT. HELEN'S STUDY - NIGHT 46

Ruben is sitting in front of the now reactivated Internet monitor. The old flow of chat pages across the screen. Helen paces behind. Pours herself a Cognac.

HELEN
He's not going to send anything else tonight, is he?

RUBEN
I doubt it.

HELEN
Want a drink?

RUBEN
No thanks.

HELEN
Always on duty huh?

RUBEN
Always.

46 CONTINUED: 46

HELEN
(sitting back down next to him)
So... how about you and M.J. then...

RUBEN
How about us?

HELEN
Are you...?

RUBEN
We're partners.

HELEN
Partners in every way...?

RUBEN
Not yet.

HELEN
You're pretty sure of yourself aren't you?

RUBEN
No, actually I'm shy and selective. The problem for me is... well, I find myself... and you're in the witness category.

HELEN
Well... in better times maybe.

She gives him just the lightest kiss on the cheek and moves in front of the computer.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Now what if my hand were just to slip and turn off the computer. Just for tonight. Could that be our secret?

Ruben gives her the Scout's Honor sign. The computer flicks off.

47 INT. HELEN'S FRONT DOOR - NIGHT 47

Ruben stands just outside door.

RUBEN
Sure you'll be okay?

Helen smiles, nods.

47

47 CONTINUED:

RUBEN (CONT'D)
We'll have someone here in the morning.

HELEN
I'm really fine. Really.

Ruben smiles, turns, heads off. Helen stands in the doorway watching him go. He stops maybe ten feet down the hall...

RUBEN
Hey...

He turns, reaches for his wallet, takes out a card, as he goes to hand it to her --

RUBEN (CONT'D)
The number of my cellular, in case you need me.

Helen doesn't budge from the doorway. A mischievous look flits across Ruben's face as he realizes this is her Rubicon.

RUBEN
Any time. Day or night.

He holds out the card to her but won't come any closer.

HELEN
Another test?

Ruben grins by way of reply. Helen summons all her nerve, lets go of the door frame, and takes a shaky step toward him, another, and another. She reaches for the card, takes it. A moment of acknowledgment between them, and Ruben walks away down the corridor. Helen turns back to the door and realizes with rising panic that the door's sure-close device has done its job. The door is locked. Frantic, she turns back to Ruben, who now seems a vast distance away, having headed off. The hallway narrows, then expands.

HELEN
Oh god ... Help me ...

As Ruben races back toward her.

47A INTERCUT FLASHBACK OF THE COP COMING TO HER RESCUE IN THE BATHROOM. 47A

47B Helen's breathing is becoming more and more labored. 47B

47C FLASHBACK CLOSE-UP OF TIGHTENING NOOSE 47C

47D Ruben is close now. He kicks the door. It won't give. 47D
He moves to Helen, trying to support her.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Ruben... I can't... Please... I'm falling.

And as her legs start to buckle...

47E FLASHBACK ON ONE HIGH-HEELED SHOE TEETERING ON THE EDGE 47E
OF THE TOILET SEAT

47F 47F
RUBEN
I got you... I'm right here...

And he holds her, tight up against the wall in a kind of frisk position. The effect is awkward but reassuring. Ruben has a brief and powerful desire to kiss the back of her neck.

RUBEN
Put your hands over your ears.

Ruben unholsters his gun, takes aim at the lock and FIRES.

47J FLASHBACK DARRYL LEE'S GUN FIRING. THE COP SLUMPS BACK 47J
AGAINST THE WALL.

And as Helen passes out, Ruben picks her up and carries her into the apartment.

48 INT. HELEN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 48

Ruben carries Helen in, puts her down on the couch. He sees the Xanax bottle, gives her a couple, pockets the bottle. Helen lies there, eyes closed, regrouping, then --

HELEN
Oh god... My door...

RUBEN
Yeah sorry about that....

HELEN
(starting to giggle uncontrollably)
You shot off my lock!!

RUBEN
(rising to go to the phone)
I'll call a locksmith.

Helen grabs his arm hard.

HELEN
Please don't go. I'm afraid...

48 CONTINUED: 48

As Ruben pulls a chair up next to the sofa... exhaustion starts to take Helen over. She closes her eyes. As the camera starts to move closer to her face, moving into her mind...

HELEN
He's in my head... I don't want him in my head...

RUBEN
Who?

Almost by way of reply a distant voice calls --

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Peter... Peter...

CROSS FADE TO:

49 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 49

A WOMAN, 30's but looking older, sits propped up in a bed in front of the TV. She wears a neck brace and holds a little dog in her lap.

WOMAN
Peter ...

Peter enters with a glass of water. Younger, boyishly non-descript.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
I've been calling and calling. Didn't you hear me?

PETER
I'm sorry my love, I was just...

WOMAN
You completely forgot about her didn't you?

And she's putting the glass to the little dog's face.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
She was very thirsty weren't you my little sweetie? What are you doing? D'you want to watch Letterman with me?

PETER
Well I...

WOMAN
You know I hate watching talk shows on my own.

49 CONTINUED: 49

PETER
Yes... well I...

WOMAN
Oh go on, get back to your silly computers...

Peter, clearly relieved, starts to go...

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Haven't you forgotten something?

Peter goes to her, ignoring the little dog who yaps at him, avoids the lips already formed in a smoochy kiss, kisses her on the forehead.

WOMAN
Wuv you.

Peter absently strokes the hair back from her forehead.

PETER
Love you too.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Peter coming down the stairs into a dreary little living room, through a messy kitchen.

50 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT 50

Peter, locking the cellar door behind him, continues down the stairs into a basement full of computers, high tech gadgets, etc. As he passes a small video screen, see the young girl from the rock concert displayed in freeze frame. Peter goes to check on this same girl, who now lies strapped onto a table, her mouth taped shut. A plastic bag covers her head. She is semi-conscious, slowly being asphyxiated by degrees. Peter picks up an exacto knife, hovers over the girl's face for a moment. Then, with a single deft stroke, he makes a slit through the plastic and the tape across her mouth. The girl draws a sharp breath.

PETER
There. Didn't I tell you I'd take care of you?

And he strokes her forehead just as he did his wife's.

Over this we hear M.J.'s voice:

50 CONTINUED: 50

M.J. (V.O.)
So you received the call from dispatch at 6:35 AM. You arrived on site fifteen minutes later...

51 EXT. HILLSIDE -- DAWN 51

A stony hill-top swept by the wind with a breath-taking view of San Francisco beyond it. The CAMERA finds M.J., who is talking to the patrolman first on the scene. Behind them lies the body of the now dead girl. Doc is packing up his things. The coroner's men with their yellow body bag stand waiting.

M.J. (CONT'D)
You isolated the kids who found her? They claim they didn't touch anything...?

Over this we've cut to see a group of onlookers watching the lonely figures on the hilltop. Behind them Ruben arrives in a taxi. Threads his way through them and up the hillside past Nicoletti who is taking statements from a forlorn group of FESTIVAL OF LOVERS. Seeing Ruben, Nikko breaks away...

NICOLETTI
Afternoon.

He takes in Ruben's crumpled suit, unshaved appearance.

NICOLETTI (CONT'D)
Stand too far from your razor?

RUBEN
Up all night with a sick friend.

As Ruben walks past him, Nikko grabs his arm.

NICOLETTI
Hey, come here, I wanna talk to you.

Ruben pulls his arm away in irritation but pauses.

RUBEN
What?

NICOLETTI
You got a thing going with M.J.?

Ruben, astonished by this question, snorts derisively and continues up the hill, followed by Nikko.

RUBEN
I don't believe this!

51 CONTINUED: 51

NICOLETTI
You stink, man. Where you been last night. You screwing around on her?

RUBEN
What's wrong with you...?

NICOLETTI
You treat her right, OK? Don't go running around on her - she don't deserve that...

RUBEN
It's none of your business Nikko.

NICOLETTI
You mess her all up - I'm gonna make it my business.

RUBEN
Hey Nikko - remind me why she gave you the boot, will you?!

And as Ruben approaches M.J. Nikko hangs back.

RUBEN
What the hell's he doin' here?

M.J. seems not to notice Ruben's appearance, she's all business.

M.J.
So what do you see?

Ruben squats to look at the dead girl. M.J. stands over him. Nikko hovers in the background.

RUBEN
Well... looks like she's been sexually assaulted. No defense wounds. No ligature marks or bruising like the others, but she's very cyanotic. Asphyxiation, maybe? This ain't our guy...

M.J.
Look at her heels.

RUBEN
No bleeding. You think maybe she was dragged up here post mortem?

M.J.
Maybe. On this stuff --
(she gestures to the rocky terrain)

51 CONTINUED: (2) 51

She reaches down, pulls a hair off Ruben's shoulder.

M.J.
Long night?

RUBEN
Don't you start...

M.J.
What about her arms.

Ruben, momentarily thrown by the sudden change of subject, recovers.

RUBEN
Needle marks... But she doesn't look like a user...

Nicoletti has come up behind them.

NICOLETTI
Probably so stoned she didn't know what hit her, eh Rube?

M.J.
I hope so.

NICOLETTI
All these little hippie-dippies. All wanting to be happy . All wanting to make love... Your type heh Rubie?

Ruben angrily pushes Nicoletti. Nikko reflexively pushes him back harder and Ruben almost goes sprawling on the stony hillside. M.J. gets between them, furious.

M.J.
What the hell you think you're doing? You wanna be on the six o'clock news?

And indeed down below Susan Schiffer and the Haircut are interviewing Festival of Lovers.

M.J.
Nicoletti, you want to finish taking their statements - now?

And Nikko goes.

M.J. (CONT'D)
Let's get out of here.

She turns and starts down the hillside - Ruben following.

51 CONTINUED: (3) 51

M.J.
Goddammit, Ruben.

RUBEN
Look I'm sorry, OK?

M.J.
I ought to put you on report.

RUBEN
I'm sorry. I can't stand that bastard.

They move down the path past Nikko.

SUSAN
What's all this about the Boston Strangler, M.J.?

M.J.
I'm sorry, Susan, you're on the wrong side of the tape. We're looking for evidence here. We'll be making a formal statement later.

SUSAN
Inspector, will you confirm that someone is copycatting the Boston Strangler and this is his fourth victim?

M.J.
We're going to review all the evidence very carefully before making any statement.

M.J. and Ruben go. Susan makes a decision, calls the Haircut.

SUSAN
Frank?

52 INT. CAR - DAY 52

M.J. drives in stony silence. Ruben looks at her, hangdog. In her rearview mirror, M.J. sees Susan's car pulling towards her. M.J.'s face sets:

M.J.
Put the light up will you?

RUBEN
What for?

52 CONTINUED: 52

M.J.
Just do it OK? I don't want the Mouth tailing us to Helen Hudson's.

RUBEN
We're going to Helen Hudson's?

M.J.
I am.

The lights now on, M.J. is slowly putting her foot to the floor. Susan behind is starting to speed up too.

RUBEN
What am I...?

M.J.
You're gonna lean on the labs for a really fast prelim on the sperm...

RUBEN
Is this a trust thing... because if it is there's one thing you need to know...

M.J.
No, there's one thing you need to know. You never, never, never, never EVER mess with somebody inside the case.

RUBEN
Excuse me? Excuse me?! What do you...

M.J.
You damn well better start working on that impulse control. A woman who is implicated in this case?

RUBEN
She might be a source, she's not a suspect.

M.J.
Someone who's practically a piece of evidence? It's page one, man. Page one.

RUBEN
It's page one to try and comfort a witness who's scared shitless!? Who's...

M.J.
Oh you comforted her, did you...?

52 CONTINUED: (2) 52

RUBEN
Damn right I did.

M.J.
Well I'm sure you made her very comfortable....

RUBEN
Look I swear, nothing hap...

M.J.
Don't try to lie to me, Ruben. You don't have the face for it.

RUBEN
You're jealous! I can't believe it!... My dreams come true!

M.J.
Jealous of you? Rube, you are your own biggest fan. The woman's unstable. You could wind up with a harassment charge. Anything. You're like some horny little teenager.

RUBEN
I can't believe this. Nikko thinks I'm in the sack with you. You think I'm screwing Helen, and I haven't been laid in weeks.

M.J.
Put your seat belt on, for Christ's sake...

Ruben buckles his seat belt...

RUBEN
And what the hell is Nikko doing? He's acting like he owns you...

M.J.
Nikko is my business. You stay out of it.

RUBEN
You're never gonna get a social life with him acting like...

M.J.
Like what?

RUBEN
Like some... bull moose on heat.

52 CONTINUED: (3) 52

Despite herself M.J. starts to smile.

M.J.
What the hell do you care if I have a social life? We're talking about your social life, OK? Leave mine alone.

M.J. takes another two-wheel corner. In the rear view mirror, M.J. watches Susan lose control of her car as she tries to follow. M.J. smiles. Ruben's hanging on for dear life...

M.J.
Anybody who's ever watched TV knows about that corner.

OMIT SCENES 53, 53A, 54, 55, 56, 56A

56B INT. HELEN'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY 56B

Close on a pill bottle. Shaking hands empty out pills. Four, six... two put back. The hand replaces the bottle, shuts the medicine cabinet. REVEALING Helen. The doorbell RINGS.

HELEN
Andy, where in the hell are you?

The question is rhetorical. She knows Andy's out. Grudgingly she goes.

57 INT. HELEN'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY 57

Helen opens the door to M.J., who takes in her disheveled appearance.

HELEN
I knew you found another one. Was it the Dancing Girl?

M.J.
How d'you know? Ruben told you? Oh maan...

HELEN
No, I heard it on the scanner.

M.J.
Can I come in. I need...

HELEN
Yeah they want you to call the office 'cause your radio's down.

57 CONTINUED: 57

M.J.
Lady, you are some piece of work.

During this, Helen has been following M.J. into the study. Glad of the company, chatting obliviously.

HELEN
I turn my damn scanner off and then I turn it on again. I can't listen to it, but I can't not listen to it either. So I make Andy listen to it. Only he's not here so...

M.J.
Are you on medication? Because I need your whole brain on duty.

HELEN
I'm not on duty. Nor is my brain.

They've reached the office. M.J. is dialing the office.

M.J.
Everything's different. It's a different guy. She was asphyxiated not strangled, dumped outdoors, sexually assaulted...

HELEN
So nothing like deSalvo's.

M.J.
Completely different.
(to phone)
Monahan, messages please.

HELEN
So why are you here?

M.J.
Because I think I'm wrong. There's something artificial about it. Like posed. Why drag a body all the way up a hill where it's going to be found by tourists at first light?

HELEN
Do you think he's changed his routine? That doesn't happen.

M.J.
(to phone, not really listening to Helen)
Hello... Yes.... No... Monahan.

57 CONTINUED: (2) 57

HELEN
These men are robotic. The murder is like a ritual. The method itself is part of the pleasure...

M.J.'s eye catches something... the Internet computer is dark. The games one is alive with a screen saver of some exotic sort.

M.J.
Why is that computer turned off?

HELEN
I turned it off.

M.J.
You can't do that.

HELEN
I believe I can. Would you like me to turn it back on?

M.J.
Yes.
(into phone)
OK, thank you.

Helen sits, and with the care of someone handling a rattlesnake, boots up. M.J. in the meantime has dialed another number.

M.J.
Hello. Ruben...
(listens, nods)

HELEN
(from the computer)
Please thank Inspector Goetz for taking care of me last night.

M.J. delivers the message straight-faced.

M.J.
Ruben, Dr. Hudson wants me to thank you for taking care of her last night.
(hangs up)
Lab report on the new one. There were two kinds of sperm.
(beat)
So - well - it looks like a gang thing... Thanks for the use of the phone.

M.J. starts to leave but Helen has come alert to the words "two kinds of sperm."

57 CONTINUED: (3) 57

HELEN
Two kinds of sperm - they said one was a secretor and the other was not?

Helen starts typing commands...

M.J.
How d'you know that?

HELEN
There were needle marks? On her left arm?

M.J.
So far nothing they test for comes up positive.

HELEN
Was the body found near a no-dumping sign?

M.J.
Yes.

HELEN
Like this?

On the computer screen: a rather grainy picture of a dead girl spread out in a suggestive pose in an empty field. A sign right by her says "No Dumping."

M.J.
I could have taken that picture, this morning.

HELEN
He's switched from deSalvo to Bianchi and Buono, the Hillside Strangers. Two guys - so two kinds of sperm. His idea of a joke!

M.J.
But you said they're robots. That's not consistent with...

HELEN
Consistency is the hobgoblin of small minds. Tell them to test for the chemicals found in Windex. That's a product for cleaning win...

M.J.
I know Windex, for God's sake, I clean my own windows...

57 CONTINUED: (4) 57

HELEN
It's what Bianchi and Buono injected into one of their victims.

M.J.
Why Bianchi and Buono? Why in such detail?

HELEN
He's a perfectionist. And he's getting bored. He needs to up the stakes...

M.J.
Last night, for a just a while, I thought I had a chance to save a life. Find the sequence, crack the code, save a life. Now, all I know is that I don't know a damn thing.

HELEN
(engrossed in her computer)
I wish I could give you some better news Inspector. But he's very smart. He likes his work and he's going to do it again.

Helen looks up but M.J. is gone. Helen shrugs, then reaches over and turns off her Internet computer.

OMIT SCENE 58

59 INT. PETER'S BASEMENT - NIGHT 59

There's a picture of Helen on his computer screen, scanned from a newspaper article somewhere. Peter is building a morph; beside Helen is an image of the dancing girl. Using a mouse, he places a red dot in the corner of the dancing girl's left eye. Both images are riddled with other, similar dots which look almost like red push pins. On another computer screen nearby, see various files displayed on screen, including images of the dancing girl strapped to the table, a "No Dumping" sign, Andy, seen through the window on the telephone, etc. On a TV set in B.G., Susan Schiffer is reporting the news.

SUSAN (ON TV)
-- in an apparent attempt to reenact murders committed in the 1960's by Albert deSalvo, the infamous Boston Strangler. In response to growing public alarm, informed sources report that a special task force is being set up inside the police department to direct the manhunt for
--

61 EXT - GAS STATION - NIGHT

ANGLE ON PUMP NOZZLE being inserted. TILT UP to a WOMAN as she gets the gas flowing. She's nervous, single, and hates doing this sort of thing alone at night.

She notices a SCRUFFY TRIO OF BIKERS at the far pumps, checking her out. One of them makes some comment. Another LAUGHS. She circles back to the driver's side, gets in the car, closes the door, locks it --

INT - CAR - NIGHT

-- and waits for the tank to fill. Behind her, innocuous, a car pulls in. An unremarkable-looking MAN gets out with a map, puttering at the pump. She glances back, vaguely reassured by his presence.

She watches the bikers. They know they make her nervous, which they find hilarious. They mount up, getting ready to pull out. One of them WHISTLES at her. Another flashes a peace sign. Now they're rumbling off into the night, all nacho chrome and vanishing tail lights...

...and as she watches them go, she's unaware of the man with the map approaching her window. We can't see his face, just nerdy-looking clothes. He's even wearing a plastic pocket protector. He knocks on the glass, causing her to jump.

MAN (O.S.)
Sorry! Did I startle you?

He leans down. It's Peter, looking helpless with his map.

PETER
I'm really lost. Can you help me?

She hesitates, but only for a moment. She rolls the window down as we

CUT TO:

61A INT. HELEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 61A

HELEN
You agreed to protect my privacy. I made the mistake of believing you. Now every psychopath in town thinks I'm involved. Don't you ever come to me asking for help again because...

61B INT. SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT 61B

M.J.
Helen... Helen... What do you want me to do? Life's a bitch. Go take another pill, OK?

M.J. slams the receiver down in frustration.

62 INT. HELEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 62

Later. Helen lies in bed, eyes closed, trying to sleep, in vain. In B.G., HEAR the soft crackle of police scanner. The catalogue of a troubled night fills the silence.

SCANNER (VARIOUS VOICES)
Suspect vehicle proceeding eastbound on Bay Bridge, Three-Charlie-Fifteen in pursuit ... Shots fired, request back-up ... Domestic disturbance, 2116 Castro ... Female DOA at Sixteenth and Morgan, request CSU and coroner ... Roger that. Do you need additional units for crowd control? ... Affirmative ... Victim was found in vehicle, California license number Baker-Apple-Seven-Three ...

This latter transmission has Helen bolt upright in bed, as we CUT TO:

63 EXT. HELEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 63

A MAN parks a car, gets out. He's dressed entirely in black. He pops the hood. With a maglight he locates the car alarm, makes a few adjustments, then closes the hood. Then going to the side window of the vehicle, he smashes glass with one end of the maglight. CAR ALARM begins cycling through a noisy repertoire of warning sirens. The man trots silently to the side of Helen's building, disappears into the shadows.

64 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE HELEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 64

The uniform on guard, BURT, looks up briefly from a newspaper at the sound of the alarm outside, then goes back to reading.

65 EXT. RICHMOND DISTRICT - NIGHT 65

Another crime scene. A woman has been found dead in her parked car. Gunshot wounds. Present are uniforms, CSU team, coroner's assistants, Ruben, M.J. A CSU TECH removes a large slug from the car door, holds it up for inspection.

CSU TECH
(to nobody in particular)
Gotcha. It's a beauty.

Tech drops the slug in a baggie, continues survey, as Ruben's cell phone rings.

RUBEN
(into phone)
Yeah? Hi!... Look this really isn't a great time... No, looks like a drive-by. Victim's in a parked car, no sexual assault —
(mouths to M.J.)
Helen.

M.J., still annoyed by the earlier call, rolls her eyes, continues her inspection of the driver's side area of the car.

RUBEN (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Look, I really got to go... What?... She was on the passenger side... I don't know.
(calls to a uniform)
Was her cassette player on when you guys got here?

UNIFORM
Yeah, I turned it off. Couldn't hear myself think.

RUBEN
(into phone)
Yes it was... OK...

Ruben leans in to M.J. inside the car.

RUBEN (CONT'D)
Would you mind putting the tape player on a second?...

M.J.
Are you kidding me?

65 CONTINUED: 65

RUBEN
(a little sheepish)
Helen thinks it might be Abba.

With a withering look M.J. complies, and the TAPE PLAYER in the car begins PLAYING a rock confection by Abba.

65A INT. HELEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT 65A

Helen sits at computer, scrolling through a data bank, phone receiver cradled against her shoulder. A look of dread spreads across her face as she listens to the music playing over the phone. She keys in a command to call up a file. A picture of a man's face appears on the screen in front of her. It belongs to David Berkowitz, Son of Sam. ...

HELEN
Yes, I thought so... Hold on... don't hang up! Are you near a gas station? Is there a phone booth nearby?

65B EXT. CRIME SCENE - NIGHT 65B

Ruben hands the phone to M.J., who has now been sitting very still, in deep thought.

RUBEN
Here, I've got to go check the phone booth...

Ruben jogs over to a phone booth at a nearby gas station.

M.J.
(into phone)
Helen... It's Berkowitz isn't it? He's doing Son of Sam.

65C INT. HELEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT 65C

Helen doesn't answer immediately. Transfixed by a series of crime scene photographs flashing on her screen, each one the handiwork of Son of Sam.

HELEN
(into phone)
She was listening to Abba in a parked car when she was shot with a Bulldog .44.

65D EXT. CRIME SCENE - NIGHT 65D

M.J. calls to CSU tech --

M.J.
Tony, lemme see that slug.
(into phone)
What's that siren I can hear?
Yeah... they oughta be banned...

The tech hands M.J. the baggie. She examines it.

M.J. (CONT'D)
It's banged up but it looks like it's bigger than a .38. Could be a .44.

65E EXT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT 65E

Ruben finds a handwritten note lying on the shelf. He snaps on a latex glove, carefully picks it up by one corner, examines it, then heads back to the crime scene.

65F INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE HELEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 65F

Burt looks up again at the persistent shriek of the car alarm, goes to the window.

66 HIS POV 66

of several annoyed neighbors gathered around the car trying to silence the alarm.

As Burt leaves his post to investigate, CUT TO:

67 INT. HELEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT 67

HELEN
(into phone)
Look in the crowd. Berkowitz liked to hang around and watch the cops work.

68 EXT. CRIME SCENE - NIGHT 68

PAN the faces of the crowd behind the yellow tape. Suddenly illuminated by the FLASH of a police photographer's strobe, FREEZE on a man hovering furtively near the back, resume PANNING across more faces. Another FLASH and we FREEZE on a tall youth just as he starts to race off for no apparent reason. Is he escaping or just running late? FLASH and FREEZE on other faces, the curious, the anxious, perhaps the killer.

68 CONTINUED: 68

ON M.J.

Searching the faces for an answer, but finding none, as Ruben returns. When she sees that he's holding a note --

M.J.
(into phone)
We found a note.

Ruben takes the phone from her and reads the note to Helen.

RUBEN
(into phone)
It reads, "Police: Let me haunt you with these words, I'll be back."

Ruben holds the back of the note up to face M.J., who sees the words "To Helen." Ruben and M.J. exchange a look of concern. Ruben heads off towards his car, M.J. takes the phone, doing her utmost to sound completely casual --

M.J.
(into phone)
Yeah, Helen listen, I know it's late but Ruben's going to drop by with a couple of questions. Yeah... have to go now. Bye.

M.J. barks at a detective --

M.J.
I need a unit to Pier One Fort Mason now, approach code two, wait for instructions. And see if you can raise the goddamn officer who's on security detail over there.

OMIT SCENES 69, 70

71 EXT. HELEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 71

The beeper on Burt's belt is beeping but his head is under the hood of the car, siren blaring. He can't hear the beeper...

72 EXT. HELEN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 72

Expert hands pick the lock of Helen's apartment. Put a small wedge to stop the door from closing.

73 INT. HELEN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT 73

Helen is in the process of putting on make-up in anticipation of Ruben's arrival. Alerted by a noise, Helen crosses the catwalk and looks down to the hallway. Sees that a crack of light is coming through the open front door...

73A INT. LIVING ROOM - INSERT - TELEPHONE 73A

A hand in a fine leather black glove lifts the receiver off the hook.

73B INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 73B

As Helen glides along the wall of her darkened living room, she rounds the corner. Opens the door, sees that Burt's chair is empty. She picks up the phone on the table in the corridor. It's dead.

73C EXT. HELEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 73C

Burt is under the hood, pulling fuses, but the siren keeps blaring.

73D INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 73D

Helen hears a noise, ducks behind the couch as a figure, dressed entirely in black, darts past her. The figure pauses in the middle of the room, looks around, then heads toward the stairs. Helen slowly creeps toward the front door. She makes it halfway there, then gently bumps into an end table, on which is a lamp. The lamp's pull chain swings against its ceramic base, making a slight tinkling sound. The figure on the stairs stops, turns. After a beat, he dismisses the noise and continues upstairs. Helen finally makes it to the front door, gets to her feet and heads out into --

73E INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 73E

She takes a few steps out into the hall, then sags against the wall.

HER POV: of the walls elongating and contracting.

Helen slides to the floor, gasping for breath, trying desperately to shake off the agoraphobic episode.

HER POV: as the floor rolls toward her in waves.

74 EXT. STREETS - NIGHT 74

Ruben driving. Taking the hills fast...

79 INT - APARTMENT CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Ruben comes racing down the hallway with Burt huffing and puffing up the stairs behind him. Ruben careens into --

79A INT - HELEN'S APARTMENT - ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

-- where he finds Helen pointing and terrified:

HELEN
Upstairs.

A CRASH OF BREAKING GLASS from above. He darts past her.

79B INT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ruben lunges in with gun drawn. Curtains billow on the breeze at a broken window. He looks out, sees Mr. Ski Mask racing down the alley.

RUBEN
(tight)
Son of a bitch--

He heaves himself out the window in pursuit --

79C EXT - APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

-- and comes CRASHING down on a dumpster. He slides off, hits the ground running, trying to find his aim --

RUBEN
POLICE! FREEZE!

-- but the figure darts from view at the end of the alley.

TRAVELING WITH RUBEN

as he runs full-out, truly hauling ass --

79D EXT - MARINA - NIGHT

Mr. Ski Mask does some ass-hauling of his own, racing onto the docks, passing boat after boat.

RUBEN

appears, drops into a crouch, weapon raised --

RUBEN
FREEZE, GODDAMMIT!

Nothing doing. Ruben FIRES --

TRAVELING WITH SKI MASK

-- and the bullet misses by inches, tearing a concrete chunk from an abutment. Ski Mask ducks out of the line of fire, leaping onto a boat. Keeps going. Leaping from boat to boat. Heading for the end of the quay.

RUBEN

races down the dock, passing boats, catching up fast --

RUBEN
Give it up! You got nowhere to go!

-- and hears a HUGE SPLASH up ahead. He vaults onto the last boat, clambers to the bow, finds himself alone. He pulls his flashlight, sweeps the beam over the water.

He sees nothing but dark, lapping waves.

He notices something at his feet. He pulls a pen from his pocket, stoops down, snags it. Revealed in the beam of his flashlight is a necklace dangling from the pen...

CUT TO:

80 INT - HELEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

ANGLE ON NECKLACE in a clear baggie as Ruben holds it up for M.J.'s benefit. Helen is pacing, agitated, furious as:

RUBEN
Guy was a home invader after some loot, that's all.

HELEN
Bullshit! You really believe that?

RUBEN
Some asshole ransacks your room and makes a quick exit, I say he's a junkie looking for his next fix.

M.J. intervenes, still trying to get the whole picture:

M.J.
Did the intruder actually <u>attack</u> you?

HELEN
He never got the chance. He heard the sirens and took off.

RUBEN
Yeah, like a scared rabbit.

(CONTINUED)

Ruben tosses the necklace to M.J. for emphasis.

M.J.
Is anything else missing?

HELEN
Missing? How about the goddamn cop that was supposed to be guarding my door! Where the hell was he?

M.J.
He'll be properly reprimanded, but that's not the point --

HELEN
That is exactly the point! You're supposed to be protecting me! You dragged me into this, remember?

Ruben eases between them, trying to make peace:

RUBEN
Seems to me the killer might have had something to do with that, but we're not talking about him --

HELEN
We're not? So what made you come galloping to my rescue?
(off his look)
It was the note, wasn't it? There was something about me in the note.

Ruben is caught, looks to M.J. for help.

M.J.
(reluctant)
The first line of the note was: "Helen, don't lose your head." It was enough to concern us.

Helen pauses as this sinks in, finally admitting:

HELEN
He's been in my apartment before.

M.J.
What?

HELEN
He laid out my red dress. The one I was wearing when Darryl Lee Cullum tried to kill me.

M.J.
You never mentioned it.

HELEN
At the time I thought was imagining things. Now I know better.
(beat)
You say it was a burglar? I say bullshit. So stop patronizing me and start telling me the truth.

M.J.
(hesitates)
The truth? I think we're dealing with the most brilliant, meticulous son of a bitch ever. If murder were an olympic event, they'd give this guy the gold medal. If I were you, I'd be terrified. I'd change my locks and beef up my security system. I'd pray.
(off Helen's look)
Feel better?

Pause. Helen considers it.

HELEN
Well...no. But I appreciate your candor.

M.J.
What I think and what I can prove are two different things. I'll put an extra man on your door. It's the best I can do.

CUT TO:

OMIT SCENE 81

RETAIN SCENES 82, 83, 83A, 84

OMIT SCENES 85, 86, 87, 88, 88A

RETAIN SCENES 89, 89A

OMIT SCENE 91

RETAIN SCENE 92 (Shortened version now ends with M.J.'s line, "So you can write a book about him.")

OMIT SCENES 92A, 93

RETAIN SCENE 94 (Shortened version features Andy and Hal leaving for Summer of Love Festival, but eliminates

Helen's computer search.)

CUT TO:

95 INT - HELEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

WE SEE THROUGH THE HALF-OPEN BATHROOM DOOR: Helen at the sink, brushing her teeth. It's still quite early, but she's already wearing her robe. She rinses the toothpaste from her mouth...and pauses, noticing --

EXTREME CLOSEUP ON SINK

-- an ant scurrying along the porcelain. As we watch, a second ant comes over the lip, wandering aimlessly.

HELEN

grabs a Kleenex, brushes both ants into the sink, runs water to flush them down the drain. Innocuous enough. She stows her toothbrush and exits into --

THE BEDROOM

-- where she grabs a notebook and a stack of files, heading for the bed --

TIGHT ANGLE ON FLOOR

-- and we see more ants, perhaps half a dozen, unnoticed by Helen as her bare feet walk through frame...

HELEN

sprawls on the bed, getting comfortable, arranging the papers around her. She settles in for an evening's read...

...and finds an ant crawling along her arm. She quickly brushes it off...

...and realizes there are some more ants on the pillow next to her. And a few more on the coverlet. And even some on her paperwork...

...and she throws the sheets back, revealing ants crawling everywhere. Freaking, she lunges off the bed, frantically brushing herself off.

She looks to the bed, riveted. Where the fuck are they coming from? And then she sees it...

...lines of ants are swarming around the crack between mattress and box-spring. There's something under the mattress they're after. She eases closer...torn between disgust and dread...working herself up to it...

(CONTINUED)

She heaves the mattress aside --

TIGHT ANGLE

-- revealing a paperback book with a severed finger protruding from the pages.

CUT TO:

96 INT - HELEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

WE STEADICAM M.J. carrying a styrofoam cup of coffee through a swirl of activity, cellular phone to her ear. POLICE and LAB PERSONNEL are everywhere, dealing with evidence, checking for prints. A CAMERA STROBE IS FLASHING as M.J. murmurs into the phone...

M.J.
-- yes sir, that seems to be the situation -- no idea yet, but at least this confirms it wasn't a burglar who broke in here -- yes, I think that would be wise --

...and she moves past the bed where FRANK THE CORONER is examining the finger and paperback book, carefully brushing ants away as a POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER takes photo after photo...past a COP meticulously vacuuming up ants with a dustbuster...to Helen looking shell-shocked in the midst of it all.

M.J.
Take it, it's hot.

Helen accepts the coffee, sips, says nothing. Just watches the activity.

M.J.
(softly)
You all right?

HELEN
I slept with that...artifact under my mattress last night. I'd say I'm far from all right.
(beat)
I haven't heard of any victims showing up with a finger missing.

M.J.
(tight, bitter smile)
Not yet.

CORONER
Step aside, coming through...

Their attention goes to the coroner as he transfers the finger to the gurney in a steel pan. Pachulski is right behind him, carefully examining the paperback book with plastic gloves and a tweezer as:

PACHULSKI
Sick fucker was using the finger as a bookmarker. The chapter where Darryl Lee attacks Dr. Hudson.

M.J.
I'd like to know why a book written by Darryl Lee Cullum shows up under your mattress.

PACHULSKI
I'll go you one better...

He holds up the book, carefully displaying the title page.

PACHULSKI
...how come it's personally autographed?

Helen moves close, stunned, peering at the inscription:

HELEN
"Hey there, Doctor Hudson! Hope you like the book! Love and sloppy kisses, Darryl Lee Cullum."

Helen and M.J. share an astonished look.

M.J.
Patch, clear everybody out soon as you can...
(glances to Helen)
...we need to make a call.

She reads uncertainty and fear on Helen's face. Softly:

M.J.
I'll do the talking.

Beat. Helen nods. CAMERA PUSHES in on the back of the book. Darryl Lee's face stares from the author's photo.

CUT TO:

97/98 INT - HELEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

M.J. watches Darryl Lee sit into frame on Helen's monitor:

DARYLL LEE
Hey, Warden, how you doin'?

WARDEN (O.S.)
Hey, Darryl Lee. Darryl Lee, I want you to look into this little camera here, and then you speak into this microphone.

DARYLL LEE
She gonna be able to see me through that? Really? How's she gonna hear me?

WARDEN (O.S.)
You speak into the microphone.

DARYLL LEE
Hey Doc. OOOOO-WEEEE! How'm I gonna hear her? Hello? Hello? Hey Doc! How you doin'?

M.J.
This is Inspector Monahan. I'll be speaking for Dr. Hudson.

DARYLL LEE
I'm hangin' up. I ain't talkin' to no cop. Hey, Warden, you lied to me...

M.J.
Dr. Hudson just received your book. You know anything about that?

DARYLL LEE
I surely do. But that's all I'm sayin' till that foxy lady gets on the horn. Put her on.

Helen steels herself, sits before the computer.

HELEN
Hello, Mr. Cullum.

DARYLL LEE
Hey, Doc. So tell me, one author to another, how'd you like my book?

HELEN
I haven't had a chance to look at it yet.

(CONTINUED)

DARYLL LEE
It's real well written. You oughtta read it sometime. You're in it.

HELEN
I want to talk about the man who delivered it.

DARYLL LEE
Peter Kurten? What about him?

HELEN
"Peter Kurten?" What is that, some kind of joke?

DARYLL LEE
I ain't jokin' on you, that's the man's name! I'll show you his letters, you don't believe me.

HELEN
(mostly to M.J.)
Peter Kurten was the name of a serial killer in Germany during the 30's. He was famous for changing his M.O. to throw off the police. *

DARYLL LEE
Ain't that somethin'! This fella goes by the same handle!
(leans in)
He botherin' you?

HELEN
He broke into my apartment to leave your book.

DARYLL LEE
Kind of a hand delivery, huh?

Helen and M.J. exchange a look. Was that an intentional pun or just a choice of words? M.J. leans in:

M.J.
Why would Kurten do that, Mr. Cullum? Did you set him up to it?

DARYLL LEE
Hey, was I talkin' to you? What'd I say before, huh? Get your ugly cop ass off the line!

M.J. pulls back. Helen proceeds:

HELEN
Did you set him up to it?

DARYLL LEE
Hey, these folks here wouldn't even let me mail you a copy. This Kurten fella, he's been writin' me letters like I said, so I ask him to do me a little favor. I say drop off my book. Didn't say break in, though. That was rude, you ask me.

HELEN
I want to get in touch with him. Any ideas?

DARYLL LEE
Yeah, I got plenty of ideas. You oughtta steer clear of that son of a gun. He's a freak! He says he's gonna give me five hundred bucks for some of my...spirit. He says he can make me immortal if I give him some of my...spirit. You know what I'm saying? This is kinda embarrasin'. I don't wanna say it right out.

HELEN
I think I know what you're referring to. What did you do about it?

DARYLL LEE
What I did, I sent some liquid soap in a sandwich baggie with a message from Jesus to mend his ways. You hear I found Jesus?

HELEN
How were you going to contact Kurten?

DARYLL LEE
Buddy of mine just got paroled few days back, he took the baggie out with him. Kurten was gonna hook up with the boy.

M.J. is prompting Helen, mouthing "When? Where?"

HELEN
Do you know when and where?

DARYLL LEE
(cagey, enjoying himself)
Maybe I do...maybe I don't. I'd say that depends.

HELEN
On what?

DARYLL LEE
On if you could do me a little favor in return.
(leans in, confidential)
Gets lonesome in here, Doc. I think about you all the time. Some little personal token is all I ask.

HELEN
Like what?

DARRYL LEE
Let's see now. Somethin' lacy and delicate.
(snaps his fingers)
I know. A pair of your panties.

HELEN
I beg your pardon?

DARYLL LEE
Is this thing on, or what?
(blows into microphone)
I said <u>panties.</u> You wear 'em, don'cha? That's what I want.

The women trade a look between amusement and disgust.

HELEN
Why, Mr. Cullum, I didn't know you were into women's underwear.

DARYLL LEE
Not to put on! I look like a pervert to you? No, just to have. A memento like. And I want you to autograph 'em personal to me. Deal?

HELEN
I'll express mail them tomorrow.

DARYLL LEE
That's a promise now.

HELEN
Promise.

DARYLL LEE
Okay then. My buddy, he's gonna meet up with Peter Kurten at Danver's Meat Packing at midnight. That's midnight <u>tonight.</u>

(CONTINUED)

ALTERNATE ENDING FOR 97/98 (DARRYL LEE PHONE CALL):

M.J. is on the phone immediately, dialing as:

DARYLL LEE
So Doc, how is life, you okay? Come see me, come talk to me. I think about you, worry about you all the time. You know, you're blessed by Jesus...

Overlapping this is M.J.'s call:

M.J.
(into phone)
Ruben? How'd you like to get off Chinatown detail?
(beat)
We got a lead. I think we can pop this guy.
(beat)
Yeah. I'll be right down.

M.J. hangs up and heads out the door, signaling: gotta go, just hang up. But Helen is fascinated despite herself, watching Darryl Lee:

DARYLL LEE
...that's why you need to come talk to me, because Jesus kept you alive for a reason. Satan was raising my hand to kill you, but Jesus took my hand to spare you. You owe me for that, Doc. You owe me big-time. I am death and life to you, lady, death and life, and I got things to say...
(leans in)
...we don't need to be sendin' any more messenger boys, do we?

She shuts the computer down as we

CUT TO:

99 INT. SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT 99

Crowded with Chinese men: tong GANGSTERS, robust and well-fed, the organizers of the smuggling operation, and frightened ILLEGALS, unwashed and undernourished. M.J. is making her way through the uproar toward Ruben, who is talking to a Chinese police officer, SERGEANT NG.

NG
No can do, bro. I speak Mandarin, these folks are Cantonese.

RUBEN
How am I supposed to get a statement?

NG
Wish I could help.

Ng goes. M.J. to Ruben --

99 CONTINUED: 99

M.J.
I need you downstairs for an interview. Can you do it?

RUBEN
You get Quinn to release me from the curse of the Fu Manchus here. I'll do anything you want.

M.J.
(on her way to Quinn's)
Anything?!

Ruben is already grabbing a young THUG from a line of suspects.

RUBEN (CONT'D)
Over here, you.

M.J. passes Nikko who's unholstering his gun and putting it into his desk drawer. He's fumbling in his pocket for his keys as he talks to a sullen young KID.

NIKKO
You speak English?... You speakee ENGLISH?
(the kid continues to scowl at him)
Well screw you too, Boo Boo.

He shrugs at M.J. who walks into Quinn's office. He's screaming into the phone to his Chief.

QUINN
I didn't want the fuckin' illegals, I just wanted the bastards dumping them in the Bay!

He grimaces in frustration at M.J.

QUINN (CONT'D)
... Look Sir, just tell those prissy little shits in Immigration to get down here a.s.a.p. will you... Hold on a second...

A disturbance has broken out. The thug Ruben was questioning has gone berserk, kicking a COP who has fallen backwards into Nikko's desk, knocking the Kid off his chair. Nikko goes to help subdue the thug. The key to his desk drawer is still in the lock, unturned. Ruben breaks from the melee to sit the Kid back in his chair, pushes him back out of the way against Nikko's desk. The Kid, his back now to the desk, opens the drawer with his handcuffed hands and rifles its contents.

Quinn comes back into his office with M.J. still in tow.

99 CONTINUED: (2) 99

M.J.
I gotta have Ruben....

But Quinn remembers the unattended phone.

QUINN
(into phone)
Hello Sir... No... everything's fine...

He turns to deal with M.J. but she's already gone.

M.J.
Ruben! I'll be down in the holding cage with the Chow guy. Get down there as soon as maybe, OK?

RUBEN
You hungry?

She's already on her way. He calls after her.

RUBEN (CONT'D)
I'll bring you something.

100 INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT 100

Silent in contrast to pandemonium in the squad room. Conrad is seated, shackled. M.J. moves around him.

CONRAD
(beat)
347-6868. 415 area code.

M.J. moves into the shot...

M.J.
Okay. That's good, Conrad. You're gonna call Kurten and make a date to meet him. I'm gonna be on the line...

CONRAD
You make the call. Ask for Mike Katz. You talk to him.

M.J.
(disgusted laugh)
A lawyer?! Right now you don't need a lawyer! I looked you up, man. A judge takes one look at your priors and you're going down. And I'm gonna make sure you go down hard...

100 CONTINUED: 100

CONRAD
I never hurt nobody, I never carried a gun...

M.J.
Shut up Conrad, I'm talking. Now you --

CONRAD
(interrupting)
I never hurt nobody...

M.J.
...I looked you up, I never seen such a sheet, I can't believe I never arrested you. You got felony breaking and entering, burglary, felonious...

CONRAD
(interrupting)
I never carried a gun!

She slaps him hard! He is shocked.

M.J.
You don't listen very good. This break-in, I can call it a felony - three strikes, and you got about sixteen strikes already - with the new laws you're in jail for all of it. Or. I could see it gets forgotten.

CONRAD
347-6868.

She goes to the door and presses a button. Her back to Conrad. Conrad sweats. So does she. After a beat...

CONRAD
The door was already open...

M.J.
Not the downstairs door, you picked the lock.

CONRAD
From here I want my Miranda rights.

M.J.
You got 'em.

CONRAD
You got no authority to make a deal.

100 CONTINUED: (2) 100

M.J.
You got nothin' to deal with, Conrad.

CONRAD
I want to talk to somebody in charge.

M.J.
I don't see anybody talking to you, Conrad, except me. Get used to it.

CONRAD
347-6868, talk to Katz. He'll tell you, I never hurt anybody. Never carried a gun.

M.J.
Don't sing me no sad songs.

The TURNKEY appears and starts to unlock the door...

CONRAD
Let me out first...

M.J.
(she's out the door)
It don't work that way. You had your chance. Now fuck yourself.

CONRAD
(yelling after her)
The guy is supposed to give me $500. Can I keep it?

M.J.
You called him already?

CONRAD
I'm supposed to meet him 10 o'clock Friday at Danver's Meatpacking, the loading docks.

M.J.
What Friday?

CONRAD
What day is this? In jail you lose track. This week. Friday.

M.J. is already on her way...

CONRAD
Don't forget me, please. I told you what you wanted - don't forget me.

101 EXT. MEATPACKING PLANT - NIGHT 101

Deserted. Peter, walking leisurely from the meatpacking plant drive toward the huge warehouse. He steps into deep shadows and seems to vanish. CLOSE: Peter. He checks his watch and turns: He can see and not be seen.

102 INT. SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT 102

Ruben takes coffee and doughnuts out of a box, then leans over the Kid who seems to have calmed down. He uncuffs him from the chair. Offers him a doughnut. The kid glares sullenly.

RUBEN
Behave. You refuse my hospitality, I'm putting you to bed.

As Ruben brings him to his feet the Kid whips Nikko's gun out from under the desk. Kid moves behind Ruben and puts a skinny arm around Ruben's neck, pulling him upright. Ruben still clutching the doughnut box. It takes a moment for the others to see. Then the room is absolutely motionless.

RUBEN
Take it easy, kid. Nobody's gonna do anything. Just let the gun down, so it don't go off.

Inspector Ng repeats the same idea in Chinese...

KID
Nobody comes through the door...

Behind the Kid, as he backs through the door, across the corridor we look straight down a corridor to where M.J. is coming almost at a run - she sees what is happening.

103 INT. POLICE CORRIDOR - NIGHT 103

The Kid doesn't see her, yet, as he is backing away from the others... M.J. draws her gun and stands in firing position.

If she fires from here Ruben is directly behind the Kid, and other officers, in the line the bullet would take, are still scrambling out of her line... She can't fire.

M.J.
Hey, <u>you</u>...

The Kid turns, sees her, exposing his shoulder to her... she FIRES and hits the Kid.

He is thrown to the floor and twisted around by the impact, landing behind Ruben so she can't make a second shot.

103 CONTINUED: 103

Ruben goes for his own gun, but the Kid's gun that fell from his hand is right by him still. The Kid grabs it as Ruben reflexively reaches for his sneaky gun - it isn't there: he gave it to Helen. The Kid SHOOTS, hitting Ruben in the back. The bullet bursts out of his chest in a great flower of blood...

The Kid throws the gun away and stands, his hands up in surrender, a grin on his face. The Kid goes down, flattened by bodies of the cops who have rushed him.

KID
I'm a juvenile! I'm a juvenile!

M.J. rushes to Ruben.

104 EXT. MEATPACKING PLANT - NIGHT 104

Peter, standing as before. Checks his watch, lights a cigarette.

105 INT. SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT (LATER) 105

The Kid has been taken away. PARAMEDICS are removing Ruben's body. M.J. stands frozen as Ruben's stretcher is carried out of the room.

CLOSE - M.J.

She abruptly remembers: the rendezvous with Peter Kurten! She forces herself into action.

M.J.
Gigi! Call dispatch. I need all available units to drag the area round Danver's Meatpacking, China Basin. Look for a male, probably Caucasian, probably aged twenty to thirty five. Uses the alias Peter Kurten...

106 EXT. MEATPACKING PLANT - NIGHT 106

WIDE FULL SHOT, DEEP SHADOWS AND HIGHLIGHTS. In the black cavern of the loading dock, footsteps begin to echo, then out of shadow into light comes

PETER. He walks away into the night. Far far away SIRENS begin to sound - they'll be too late.

107 INT. OUTSIDE QUINN'S OFFICE - NIGHT 107

M.J. speaks to Nikko, but does not look at him.

M.J.
Quinn will be here any minute. What are you going to say?

NIKKO
Christ. I didn't lock the fucking drawer! You spend twenty years thinking some bad guy's gonna whack you... you'll crash your car... but what happens?... you fuck yourself...
(a choked laugh)
You can't imagine how many times I saw you two... fooling around, laughing at some dumb shit, and God, I wished him dead. Every time... But you want to hear something weird? I feel like I'd give my life to bring him back.

M.J.
You're in terrible trouble, Nikko.

He begins to weep silent tears...

NIKKO
Who gives a fuck?

M.J.
I give a fuck.

She fights tears...

NIKKO
All the years I known you, I never seen you cry.
(beat)
D'you love him?

M.J.
Who gives a fuck?

Quinn enters to find his two senior officers in tears.

QUINN
Nikko. My office? M.J., I wanna see you after.

Nikko stands, and he and Quinn exit. M.J. walks to a window and looks down.

108 EXT. OUTSIDE POLICE STATION - POV - NIGHT 108

In the street below, the paramedic ambulance pulls away and drives off down the street.

109 INT. QUINN'S OFFICE - NIGHT 109

On his desk lie a badge and a gun - Nikko's. M.J. is looking at them as she enters...

QUINN
(noting her look)
He's on leave with pay. I talked the Commissioner out of no pay.

M.J. pulls her badge out and puts it down in front of Quinn.

M.J.
You take his, you take mine.

QUINN
So I'm gonna lose three good cops?

M.J.
Sir, I tried to control the situation. I tried to control it... I made a choice. It didn't work out... and an officer got killed.

QUINN
Mary Jane. You made a decision. It was the right decision. You got the wrong result is all. Now go get drunk. I am.

110 INT. HELEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT 110

Helen opens the door... M.J. stands there. It is really late.

M.J.
We missed him.

HELEN
For God's sake - how did you let that happen?! I don't believe it!

M.J.
It's my fault. So stupid. We had a problem at headquarters. A crazy kid... and... Ruben's dead.

HELEN
Oh, dear God! What... come inside. Come...

110 CONTINUED: 110

M.J.
No. Really, I'm OK. I just thought you ought to hear it from somebody and not see it on the news. I know you and him... you and he... had a thing...

Tears start again, just running down, no sobs, but she can't will them away. She brushes at them angrily... The new guard, FRED, takes a few steps away to give them privacy...

HELEN
Ruben and me...? I think he felt sorry for me. He let me flirt with him and he was sweet enough to flirt back. He was a darling man.

M.J.
I thought he was a boy.
(bursting out)
This last Christmas was the happiest Christmas I had in six years... you know why? It was the first Christmas I was not in love. Son of a bitch married men! Who cares about marriage, the bed just gets crowded and noisy?! Your phone is ringing. I've got to go...

The answering machine is heard way in the b.g...

ANDY (V.O.)
If you dialed carefully, you've reached the right number. Now, you know what to do.
(beep)

Meanwhile, over Andy's message:

HELEN
Let me get you a brandy. Come in, for God's sake.... Who's the married man?

Once again she tries to pull M.J. in and M.J. resists...

M.J.
What does it matter? Answer your phone.

... M.J. starts to go when they hear the ANSWERING MACHINE - The Village People singing "YMCA"!

OVER THAT, Helen's own voice is heard. Echoing through the loft space from the office. "YMCA" continuing in b.g.

110 CONTINUED: (2) 110

HELEN'S VOICE
(on answering machine)
Alright, girls. What d'ya see? Some pretty cute guys. If one of them invited you out for a beer, you might go. Maybe dinner, dancing. Maybe even a dirty weekend in Big Sur... Well, let me tell you something. Ninety percent of serial killers are white males aged twenty to thirty-five just like these... Would you know if one of these cute guys is addicted to murder? Anything in their faces give you a clue?

As the haunting message echoes throughout the loft, Helen and M.J. move toward its source, faster and faster.

HELEN'S VOICE (CONT'D)
(on answering machine)
Albert deSalvo, Bianchi and Buono, Berkowitz, Dahmer ...

110A INT. HELEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT 110A

As M.J. and Helen race in.

HELEN'S VOICE (CONT'D)
(on answering machine)
... Ted Bundy. They were quiet, unassuming, even sweet. They held down jobs, made good neighbors. Their victims trusted them.

Reaching the machine first, Helen grabs the receiver.

HELEN
Peter Kurten.

111 INT. NIGHTCLUB - PAYPHONES NEAR THE MEN'S ROOM 111

Club DISC JOCKEY is playing the YMCA music... Peter holds a Walkman tape recorder to the payphone mouthpiece... It is playing Helen's voice... Now Peter turns it off. He hangs up and takes a step towards the main floor of the nightclub. Over his shoulder we can see: a mad dance scene. The music has changed to Lou Reed's "Walk on the Wild Side."

DOLLY with him as he moves through the dancing men, being jostled, ignoring the scene, a sleek tiger intent on his prey. As Peter walks, he empties a small quantity of white powder into one of the two cocktails he's carrying. He moves through the crowd to where

111 CONTINUED: 111

Andy and Hal sit waiting. Andy drains the proferred drink and gets up to dance with Peter. Leaving Hal sitting forlornly with Andy's jacket.

112 INT. HELEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 112

M.J. is on the telephone, finishing dialing. Helen is playing back the answering machine and entering commands into her computer.

M.J.
(into phone)
This is Inspector Monahan. Get the tap on Hudson's phone. See if it backtraced a call about two minutes ago.
(checking watch)
Yeah. Just this second, he hung up. Don't fucking argue with me, just do it, now!

HELEN
You were right. That's the connection. He must have been some kind of student of mine.

M.J.
Where did you give that lecture?

HELEN
I gave it dozens of times. All over the country. It was my star turn...

M.J.
When was the last time you gave it in San Francisco?

HELEN
(distracted)
In Berkeley last year. Just before...

Helen has moved to her computer and pulled up the text of the lecture: the names are displayed on the screen...

HELEN
There's the order. I gave it to him.

M.J.
(reading over her shoulder)
DeSalvo, Bianchi and Buono, Berkowitz and Dahmer... It's going to be Dahmer next.

112 CONTINUED: 112

HELEN
Which means he'll kill a man. And after that...

M.J.
Bundy. That's the last one in your speech...
(someone speaks on her phone)
Yeah. The Sound Factory! Perfect! No, I know where it is! I'm going straight there, gimme some backup...
(hangs up)
Christ, Helen. Maybe, just maybe...!

M.J. is on her way to the door. Helen is calling up course records as...

113 EXT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT 113

As M.J. skids to a stop and leaps out... the place is closing, inside waiters and bartenders clean up...

114 INT. NIGHTCLUB 114

As someone lets M.J. in: chairs on tables, etc.

HEADWAITER
Why don't you guys just leave us in peace man?

M.J.
Where are your pay phones...

She's already seen the sign: MEN'S ROOM, heads for it, and around a partition to see: THE PAYPHONES: a GIRL is mid-argument with her boyfriend. No prints tonight. M.J. turns away. For the first time we see the depth of her despair.

115 EXT. BAYSIDE RESTAURANT - BELVEDERE OR SAUSALITO - DAY 115

A bright morning dawns. In a dingy bay-side diner, a lone DINER raises an oozing burger to his mouth and stops as he sees some unusual activity down by the dock. A small crowd gathers as a MAN standing in a rotting dinghy gaffs in a body. By the jacket we know it's unmistakably ANDY, except it's not all of Andy. His head is missing.

OMIT SCENE 116

114A EXT - ALLEY - NIGHT

ON THE CUT: A thick styrene bag comes down lightning-fast over somebody's head. PETER spins his VICTIM wildly TOWARD CAMERA, trashcans CLATTER-BANGING as he rams the man's head repeatedly into the brick wall. He jerks the victim upright, arms flailing, blood now smearing the inside of the semi-opaque plastic, and slams him face-first to the ground --

LOW ANGLE ON PAVEMENT

-- where he straddles his back. The victim thrashes weakly, face obscured through plastic, desperately trying to breathe, dazed but still hellishly aware --

-- as Peter, unhurried now, pulls a hacksaw from a small gym bag. He positions the blade carefully at the back of the victim's neck...

WIDE ANGLE OF ALLEY

...and goes to work, sawing methodically away as we

DISSOLVE TO:

117 INT. HELEN'S APARTMENT - DAY 117

Helen sits, her face buried in her hands, willing herself quietly not to fall apart. M.J. has the bottle of Xanax.

M.J.
Helen...

HELEN
I don't want to talk about it.

M.J.
How many do you need to sleep. Really sleep? I hate to leave you like this - but I have to go. Helen...

Offers the Xanax again. Helen looks at the bottle...

HELEN
He's going to do Ted Bundy. Bundy was the last on the list.
(wills herself to action)
And he'll pick the most extravagant murder. The song talked about a threesome. Bundy killed three girls in one night at a sorority house. Chi Omega I think. Bundy faked injuries, wore a cast on his arm, used crutches and would ask girls for help. He drove a very distinctive car what was it, oh yes....

118 INT. TASK FORCE ROOM - DAY 118

M.J. is briefing a full assembly of homicide inspectors and uniformed policemen.

M.J.
...a gold V.W. bug. We need to get want to get onto the DMV, we want records on all gold or yellow colored V.W. bugs, any year. I want an in-person check on every registered owner...

OMIT SCENES 119, 120

121 INT. HELEN'S STUDY - DAY 121

Helen sits facing the darkened Internet screen. A moment's thought then she turns it on. Over which, we HEAR:

M.J. (V.O.)
... If it's rental - check rental first - get names and location of
(MORE)

121 CONTINUED: 121

M.J. (CONT'D V.O.)
who is driving one now. Contact campus security at every college within fifty miles...

121A INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY 121A

M.J. is moving from desk to desk briefing her team.

M.J.
They need to warn all female students, especially those with long, straight, dark hair parted in the middle - that's who Bundy went after - to avoid any contact with males they don't know.

Quinn enters, watches M.J.

M.J. (CONT'D)
Also to report any man with an injury or handicap who asks them for help, carrying books, groceries, anything like that.

121B INT. HELEN'S STUDY - DAY 121B

Helen has made a kind of picture postcard on her screen: a wedding photo of a bride and groom in classic pose. On the bride's face she has pasted her own face. Now she is moving a death's head skull into position over the groom's face, and sizing it, and pasting it, so it is an image of herself "married" to death. As she works... we HEAR:

M.J. (V.O.)
We need to arrange a press conference, to get this out to TV and radio, particularly the college stations. Can we get a police spokesman up here so I can brief him? Contact law enforcement and every neighboring area that has a Chi Omega chapter and have them post a security detail. That's probably where he'll make his move.

On screen Helen is typing under the wedding cake image...

PETER KURTEN. I'M READY,

HUDSONHEL@UNIVOLD.COM

She taps keys that send this to open bulletin boards.

121B CONTINUED: 121B

SOUND: HER FRONT DOOR OPENS. She starts, turns. Feet moving toward her, but quietly, cautiously. As the footsteps turn into the hall, she stands, reaching for anything to defend herself with: a paperknife. She moves to the door, raising the knife... footsteps closer... A man turns into the office, and she launches herself, only stopping the stab of the knife at the last split second...

ANDY!

She SCREAMS!

ANDY
Stop screaming!

She screams again. Then smothers him with kisses and hugs...

ANDY
For God's sake, stop - my head! I have the mother of all hangovers. Very quiet in the hospital zone, please.

She clings to him.

HELEN
Where have you been?

122 INT. TASK FORCE ROOM - EVENING 122

M.J. is standing, and Quinn is sitting almost knee-to-knee with Andy.

ANDY
... then he gave me this pina colada and I started to feel really wild... and sort of stoned... then I got really nauseous, see I'm allergic to painkillers and sleeping pills and all that kind of stuff... Anyway I had to really race for the john. I was horribly sick. Over and over and over.

QUINN
You were sick. What happened then.

ANDY
I have to tell it my way. I was in there a very long time. And when I came out they were gone. So was my jacket, which I gave to Hal when I was dancing. Hal was my... Could I have a glass of water?

122 CONTINUED: 122

Gigi has entered with a sheaf of printouts of drivers licenses.

GIGI
M.J... DMV printouts on guys sold or rented gold V.W.'s in the last six months.

M.J. hands them to Andy.

ANDY
(looking at license)
That's him.

QUINN
OK. Let's go. Patch, call the SWATs, will you. With this little shitkicker I'm not taking chances.

The cops all rise and are on their way out.

M.J.
Gigi. Call Helen Hudson and let her know...

122A INT. SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT 122A

M.J. enters, going to get ready for the raid. She puts on her bullet proof vest, one that fits under clothing. Nikko is at little distance cleaning out his desk. In his casual civilian clothes he looks strangely vulnerable.

M.J.
Kinda defeats the purpose of my miracle bra. But who's looking?

NIKKO
I hear you're onto him. Good work.

M.J.
Just horseshit luck.

NIKKO
I don't think so. You take care out there.

M.J.
Don't I always?

He is standing behind her and leans over to almost touch her hair with his lips...

NIKKO
I love you, you know.

122A CONTINUED: 122A

M.J.
Yes I know.

He goes. M.J. twists in misery and fury...

123 EXT. OLD FRAME HOUSE, DALY CITY - NIGHT 123

CLOSE ON A BLACK DOOR OF A BLACK BUS

which opens, and a ski-masked figure, all in black, heavily armed, pops out. Followed by another, and another, and another, and another. SWAT disembarks from their jet black transport at a staging area.

123A EXT. FRAME HOUSE - NIGHT 123A

As silhouetted figures take up positions for the assault --

123B INT. SWAT BUS NIGHT 123B

Quinn & M.J. watch on the infra-red surveillance monitor inside the bus as the shadowy figures take up positions. The radio crackles with whispered information.

124 INT. PETER'S BASEMENT 124

POV through a cellar window of a shadowy figure moving behind the trees. PETER hesitates, looking out. He flicks off lights. Moves purposefully out of frame... We HEAR a MOAN (O.S.).

A hand grasps the handle of what looks like a gun; as it is brought up into a wider view it has a long barrel which suddenly shoots flame: a propane barbecue lighter...

125 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT 125

SWAT members are in place.

SWAT COMMANDER
(on bullhorn)
Peter Foley, this is the police. Please come to the front door and come out with your hands above your head.

SOUND of a SMOKE ALARM going off inside. Flames flicker in the cellar. The signal is given, SWAT moves in, kicking in the front door, break through a rear window.

126 INT. HOUSE - NIGHT 126

Filling with smoke as SWAT team pours in to the empty downstairs.

126A INT. SWAT COMMAND - NIGHT 126A

M.J. listens to radio traffic reporting the scene inside. A VOICE reports that there's gasoline all over. The place is a bomb waiting to explode.

127 INT. PETER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 127

As the door's kicked in. SWAT member enters, sees Peter's wife sitting up in bed, dinner tray in front of her, TV on, a bullet through her temple. Another SWAT member goes to check the bathroom, pokes door open with barrel of his assault rifle, sees the little dog strung up from the shower rod.

127A EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT 127A

The fire is spreading rapidly throughout the structure. SWAT personnel exit as the order is given to pull back.

128 EXT. DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT 128

Screams are heard coming from behind the cellar door. SWAT team member kicks in basement door, looks down the stairs into a wall of flame. Suddenly out of the inferno below, the figure of a MAN, hair and clothes aflame, lurches up the stairs. He makes it halfway up, then the staircase collapses and the figure disappears into the blaze. The SWAT team member evacuates.

128A INT. SWAT BUS NIGHT 128A

M.J. watching on the monitor sees flames begin to lick out of the lower windows of the house. Hears the command to evacuate and begins to run... through the bus and out to the scene outside where -

129 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT 129

Coughing SWAT team members make it to safety before the house explodes in an enormous fireball.

CLOSE ON M.J. as she watches everything go up in smoke.

INT. HELEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Helen watches the news. Quinn is being interviewed in front of the burning house:

QUINN
... nothing official until we dig through the rubble, but at this point we think the suspect may have perished in the fire...

HELEN
Idiots.

The DOOR BUZZER sounds. Disgusted, she hits the mute button and crosses to the door, places her eye to the peephole.

HELEN POV - PEEPHOLE

The fisheye effect. TWO UNIFORMED COPS outside.

HELEN
Mike?

COP #1 turns. It's Mike. We catch an innocuous glimpse of COP #2, badge glistening, face obscured beneath the shiny black brim of his hat. We get the impression they were conferring.

HELEN

The PHONE STARTS RINGING b.g. as she unlatches the door, starts to swing it open --

HELEN
Don't tell me you both need to use the boys room.

-- and gets hit with a fan of blood as Mike's throat is slashed. Helen reels back SCREAMING as he goes down. Cop #2 leaps over him, sailing through the door like a huge black bat, blade glittering in his fist. She turns to run, but the cop broadsides her with a flying tackle that slams her face-first to the floor. She desperately tries to twist out from under him, but he's got her struggling and pinned --

WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! He punches her in the face three times, methodical and brutal, taking the fight out of her. She blinks up in terror, nose bloody, dazed and trying to focus, as her ANSWERING MACHINE clicks on:

M.J. (filtered)
It's M.J. I'm sure you heard on your scanner. Something's not sitting. I know it's late, but I'm on my way over. We need to talk.

HELEN'S POV

Peter grins down at her. A hypo seems to materialize out of nowhere, long and awful, tip glittering and wet --

PETER
Hey Helen, company's coming! We gotta get you ready. Now, I won't lie to you, this is really going to hurt.

-- and he plunges the hypo down at us as we

CRASH TO BLACK.

FADE UP FROM BLACK:

EXT. HELEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

M.J. pulls up behind the black & white police car parked near the entrance. She gets out of her car.

ANGLE ON PATROL CAR

as M.J. comes abreast of it and realizes it's empty. Door open. Coffee in paper cups still on the dash.

M.J.
What the hell.

Annoyed, she heads into the building --

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING STAIRWELL - NIGHT

M.J.
Mike?

-- and is halfway up the stairs before she freezes. Rivulets of drying blood stain the steps above. She unsnaps her holster and fades againt the wall, gazing up, straining to listen. She draws her sidearm and thumbs her radio:

M.J.
Officer requesting assistance at Pier One Fort Mason. Possible breaking and entering. Need medical backup.

VOICE (filtered)
Copy request for backup.

She steadies herself, proceeds up the steps --

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

-- and finds a hallway stained with blood. walls streaked and spattered. There's a long smear on the floor, from one end of the corridor to the other. A UNIFORMED COP, Mike's partner, lies contorted where he died. She moves up the hallway, gun

leveled, eyes riveted to the open door. Nothing there but a huge red stain across the threshold... and darkness beyond.

INT. HELEN'S APARTMENT - ANGLE ON DOOR - NIGHT

M.J. eases into view. Mike's body is gone. We hear the FAINT BUZZING OF A FLY. She lunges in, swinging her gun in all directions, trying to cover the entire apartment.

Darkness. Silence.

She ventures further in, flinching at shadows, expecting demons to come pouring out of the dark.

Something moves. She spins to shoot...

... and finds herself staring at herelf. She stands for a breathless beat, pointing her gun...

It's a television set. Her own image grows large on the screen as she draws close. A camcorder rests atop the TV, wired in, the image live. Attached to the camcorder is a post-it note that reads: "Press Play."

She hesitates, tracking the shadows with her gun, taking no chances... and presses play. An image pops up on the TV screen: Helen in her red dress, unconscious in an easychair. A DARK FIGURE moves in frame, humming tonelessly, buttoning up the front of her dress.

With dread fascination, M.J. glances to the same easychair some eight feet away, now empty. Her eyes go back to the screen as the dark figure backs up toward camera, appraising Helen, his body an unfocused blur shifting this way and that...

... and he suddenly turns and stoops down, staring right into the lens from a foot away. The autofocus grabs the image, face monstrously close and distorted.

PETER
Hi there. We join our program already in progress.
(backing up)
Inspector Monahan. Don't you ever get tired of being a day late and a dollar short?

He moves to Helen, crouches next to her, fastening her last button, his tone conversational:

PETER
You probably think I'm going to just slit her throat right here and now. Cut my losses, so to speak.

He gets his face close to Helen's, intimate, smoothing her collar:

PETER
Wrong. You really think I'd get her all dressed up with no place to go?
(lets this sink in)
If you're a smart cop, you'll know where to find us. And if you're really smart, you'll come alone...
(beat)
... 'cause if you storm in with the troops, I'll see she dies in incredible pain. Sincerely.

He raises the tiny camcorder remote, preses a button... and the image vanishes. M.J. is left staring at snow as we

CUT TO:

TIGHT CLOSEUP ON HELEN

as a black bag is pulled off her head. She's drugged, out of it. A hand reaches into frame, cracks a vial of ammonia under her nose. She catches a whiff and flinches back.

Peter exits, a dark blur wiping frame. Still in TIGHT CLOSEUP, Helen starts to come around, but the cobwebs are hard to shake. Her eyes flutter, trying to focus, trying to figure out where she is. She looks around, realization dawning, and just as the horror of recognition creeps into her eyes --

-- the loop of steel wire cinches tight around her neck and jerks her to her feet as CAMERA ROCKETS BACK --

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

-- revealing the location for the first time, deja vu in overdrive, her legs drumming the sides of the stall as she's hoisted kicking and choking into the air --

STALL #2

Peter's hand slams the wire home, jerking it taut.

STALL #1

Helen dangles, gasping for breath, clawing at the wire encircling her throat. Her feet desperately trying to find the rim of the toilet bowl, toes scrabbling for purchase, things going from bad to flat-out fucking awful as she sees:

MIKE

slumped against the far wall with his throat slashed, posed like the cop that Darryl Lee killed. He's being used as nothing more than a ghastly prop...

... and here comes Peter looming slowly around the corner, filling the stall doorway. Over the policeman's uniform, he's wearing a white lab technician's coat.

PETER
No. This is wrong.

He enters, stands very close, pulls off her right shoe, lets it drop to the floor just as before. He steps back, studying the composition.

PETER
Better.

He turns from the stall, moves to Mike.

PETER
What about him? Did I get the pose right? I did the best I could from the photos.
(no response)
C'mon, help me out here. Did I get him right?

Helen manages a nod. Peter smiles, calming.

PETER
Good. Everything has to be just so.

He turns to the sinks where a camcorder waits on a tripod. He peeks through the eyepiece, squares up the shot as:

PETER
God Helen, I used to watch you on that big screen... in your red dress... You always looked so - huge! Now look at you... so sad... But look on the bright side, Helen. I'm going to make you the world's most famous victim. And guess what that makes me?!

He presses "record." A red light comes on. He turns to a sink, grabs a roll of tightly wound fabric --

PETER
You know more books have been written about Jack the Ripper than Abraham Lincoln?

TIGHT ON FABRIC

-- and unrolls it to reveal his gleaming array of surgical tools, needle-sharp in their sleeves. TILT UP to Peter's reflection in the mirror in TIGHT CLOSEUP. Gazing at her.

PETER
Sick world, isn't it?

CUT TO:

INT. M.J.'S CAR - NIGHT

M.J. has the pedal floored, running every light, police radio garbled and crackling, dialog overlapping:

QUINN (filtered)
-- you are not to go in alone, you got that? You are to wait for proper backup! I want SWAT teams on site, a hostage negotiator --

M.J.
-- just make sure all units respond code two --

QUINN (filtered)
-- and you acknowledge my order! I've got one officer dead and another missing! You stay out of that building until backup arrives! Copy that, M.J.? Copy?

She floors it, and as the car powers into the dark mouth of the Broadway tunnel, we

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

IN TIGHT, SWEATY CLOSEUPS:

A scalpel enters frame, excruciatingly slow, drifting closer and closer...

... to the front of the red dress. One by one, the red buttons spill to the floor like drops of blood. The jacket falls open to reveal a creamy silk camisole. The scalpel advances again - puncturing the silk...

... and then begins slicing downward with a sinewy whisper of parting fabric, unveiling a white stomach convulsing with panic and shallow breaths...

PETER (O.S.)
Careful. Careful.

... and the scalpel nicks the skin, drawing a drop of blood...

PETER
See? Now you've gone and cut yourself.

... and the scalpel continues to descend...

... as Helen hyperventilates, rapid and shallow, operating now on pure animal fear. She clamps her eyes shut, wishing this nightmare would go away, knowing it won't...

PETER
(softly)
Helen. I want you to watch. If you do not, I shall slice off your eyelids, like Kemper did to that girl. Then you'll have to watch, won't you... WON'T YOU!!!

Helen, in spite of herself, manages to lift her gaze and lock eyes with her reflection in the bathroom mirror.

PETER
Good. Good girl. Watch in the mirror, and you'll see how good I am.
(resumes slicing)
See, old Darryl Lee was going to take his Bowie and dress you like a deer. Very backwoods...No finesse.

Tongue protruding, engrossed in his work, Peter continues slicing through the silk camisole. Helen holds her own gaze in the mirror, scarcely breathing.

PETER (CONT'D)
But I've been practicing. You want to know the trick?..

He holds the scalpel in front of her face,resting the blade on her cheek for a moment.

PETER
...Small incisions. With a fine instrument. That way I can make it last for hours. And you will not believe how long a minute can feel, Helen.

She shudders as he looks up to her face, then lays his cheek against her stomach. His upper lip is beading with sweat, his voice has dropped to a husky incarntation. The scalpel moves in lazy parabolas, a hair's breadth from his skin.

PETER
We've gotta cut the crap, Helen. Cut right through it. See, you're going to do a little striptease for me. We're going to peel away the skin, then we're going to cut through all that fatty stuff till we get to the deep tissue, Helen. The linea alba.
(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)
The transversus abdominus.The linea semilunaris... We've got to get to the heart of you, Helen. Find out what makes you tick...
(suddenly factual)
You know that entrails will steam if the surrounding air is cooler? I've seen that, you know.

He sniffs the air suddenly, the connoisseur.

PETER
Mmm, Helen, what's that perfume you're wearing? Really turns me on! Could it be Eau de Fear?

It is fear. But Helen is desperately trying not to succumb to that. She's growing more calculated... and now brings him up short with:

HELEN
(icy)
Fuck you.

PETER
(looks up, flustered)
What?

HELEN
What part of that didn't you understand? I said fuck you. You think you inspire my fear?

PETER
I know I do.

HELEN
I'm over it. You want the truth? You couldn't inspire a bowel movement, you pathetic, impotent little shit.

Peter wheels from the stall, his face a mask of pure rage. He moves towards her, frighteningly angry. He pauses suddenly, reining it in:

PETER
Oh. Oh. Okay, I get it, I see.
(turns, smiles)
Nice try, Helen, but here's a little secret. I'm on to you...

She starts to speak, but he jerks his hand up for silence.

PETER
I won't kill you fast, no matter how much you want me to. This is my game and we play by my rules. Understand?

She hesitates, nods. He turns suddenly as a distant BEEP-BEEP-BEEP-BEEP is heard --

INT. AUDITORIUM SIDE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

-- which turns out to be a cheap plastic Radio Shack motion detector BEEP-BEEP-BEEPING away. TILT UP to M.J. staring down at it, gun leveled, having just come through the door.

M.J.
(tight)
Shit.

She lunges, shuts the gizmo off --

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

-- as Peter, adrenalin kicking in, grabs a roll of duct tape from the floor of the stall, tears off a strip --

PETER
See, here's where Darryl Lee got sloppy, he wasn't expecting the second cop. But I am. And this time, we do it right.

-- and reaches up, jamming the duct tape over her mouth.

INT. AUDITORIUM CORRIDORS - VARIOUS ANGLES - NIGHT

M.J. moves through the corridors... weapon raised and sweeping the shadows...nerves working overtime... nearing the bathroom...

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

The door kicks open. An automatic pistol looms into view. M.J. appears, fierce and determined. She glances in, sees nothing but Mike's corpse, enters past the privacy screen, her reflection rippling...

... and finds Helen strung up in the stall, mouth duct-taped, eyes hellishly alive and frightened, jerking and frantic. M.J. motions her to be calm just like another cop once did...

... and scans the bathroom, trying to figure out where Peter is. In one of the stalls? Maybe. But first...

... she eases to the janitor's closet and wrenches open the door. A load of mops and janitorial supplies come tumbling out, scattering across the floor. M.J., shaken, turns to face the stalls. That's the only place he could be.

She kicks the first door open, gun leveled. Empty. She moves on, blinking sweat, tense as a live wire...

TRACKING HER FEET

as she moves to the next stall, kicks it open --

ANGLE ON STALL

-- revealing it empty as well.

M.J.

proceeds past Helen's stall, where Helen is twitching and jerking furiously, trying to get her attention. M.J. barely takes notice, assumes she's just panicking --

TRACKING HER FEET

-- and moves carefully to the next stall. Behind her, we see the dead cop slumped against the wall...

... and the corpse starts to move, rising swiftly and silently to his feet as --

M.J.

kicks the stall open, gun leveled, stunned to see --

ANGLE ON STALL

-- the real Mike propped on the toilet with feet up and throat slashed, dead eyes staring.

TIGHT ON M.J.'S GUN

We hold for a long, frozen beat...

... and a third hand eases into frame, moving up her wrists to take the gun from her hands in an exact echo of Darryl Lee. PAN TO REVEAL Peter standing close behind her, bowie knife pressed to her throat.

PETER
That's my gun. Now what in the world are you doing with my gun?

Eye contact between the women, hopeless and stunned --

PETER
C'mon, Doc. You're the expert. What do I do in a situation like this? Do I stick her or shoot her, shoot her or stick her?

-- and M.J. tries to break free, smashing her heel down on his instep, not ready to give her life up to this motherfucker, and he bellows in pain, spins her away, and --

BLAM! The first round passes through her collarbone in a stunning spray of blood, BULLET SHATTERING THE HUGE MIRROR behind her in a cascade of spinning fragments and --

BLAM! Peter puts the second bullet dead center in her chest, sending M.J. sliding down the wall in a long red smear --

He spins to Helen, flying high:

PETER
Watch Helen, this is perfect!!...

Helen screams under the duct tape, a high keening whine, helpless, unable to do anything but watch...

... as Peter turns. M.J.'s bleeding like hell, passing out, going into shock. Peter moves towards her, blade gleaming in his fist, pieces of broken mirror CRUNCHING under his heels...

Peter looms over M.J., grabs a handful of hair, slams her head back against the wall to expose her pulsing throat...

... and eases the blade down for the kliling stroke...

TIGHT ON HELEN

Her eyes go cold, calculating, glacial. It's like a sheet of ice descends in her gaze. Enough of this shit...

...and she steps off the rim of the toilet, hanging herself.

PETER

whips around, sees Helen strangling --

PETER
What are you doing?

-- and he leaves M.J., hurries to the stall --

PETER
...no, no, no. You don't get out that easy. Not even close.

-- puts his arms around her, trying to hoist her back up --

PETER
Get up there! Get your feet up there!

-- but Helen stays limp, won't find her footing --

PETER
HELEN, I MEAN IT!

-- but she still refuses to cooperate. Peter, panicky now, lets her go and dashes into --

STALL #2

-- where he wrenches wildly at the release buckle, but the tension is too tight --

STALL #1

-- and Helen's really strangling now, face going dark --

STALL #2

-- and Peter, desperate, raises the gun and FIRES point-blank, blowing the buckle away in an explosion of bathroom tile --

STALL #1

-- which sends Helen CRASHING massively to the floor in a tangle of steel wire and shattering porcelain. She rips the tape off her mouth and tugs at the loop around her neck, gaining a few precious inches of slack, sucking a great ragged lungful of air down her bruised windpipe, desperately trying to remain conscious now that it really counts --

-- and it really does count, because here come Peter's feet, exiting the next stall, and she knows she's got only a second or two to snatch one of the gleaming shards of mirror off the floor, and she makes a grab for it, cutting her hand but not caring --

-- and Peter enters the stall to find her gasping and weak, leans down to help her --

PETER
Good try, Helen...

-- and she lunges up with a furious cry, slashing the shard of mirror deep into Peter's thigh.

Peter falls in writhing agony to the bathroom floor, clutching his leg as blood pours through his fingers onto the tile --

Helen wrenches the wire loop off her neck, lunging to her feet, racing from the stall past Peter toward the exit --

HIS HAND

lashes out, grabs her ankle --

HELEN

falls, slamming to the floor, Peter trying to grab her thrashing legs as she desperately crawls away, evading the mirror shard as she tries to slash at him --

PETER
YOU WANNA PLAY? YOU WANNA PLAY?

He goes for bowie knife, pulls it from his belt --

-- but she's quicker by a heartbeat, thrusting a seeking hand up to the sink, grabbing a glittering scalpel, twisting around and driving it into his face, carving a deep gash in his cheek. Peter falls back SCREAMING, trying to work the scalpel free. Helen pushes to her feet, slamming out the door --

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

- and flees up the hallway, limping, the shard of mirror still clutched in her bleeding hand. Behind her, Peter bursts from the bathroom with the knife, raging and half-blind, staunching his wounds with his sleeve --

-- and she presses on, losing him in the corridors, twisting and turning in one direction after another like a hot-wired rat in a maze, not sure which way to go --

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

-- and she finds herself going up some steps, turning a corner at a landing, going up some more steps, heading toward:

A DOOR

The emergency kind, with a bar handle that you have to push. She shoves against it, the door swings open --

-- revealing the vast outside world, city lights twinkling as far as the eye can see. The roof. Helen freezes, panic slamming through her. The world beyond the door weaves and dances before her eyes. She flails out with her hand, grabs the door, slams it shut again. Safe now. Safe...

... and then she hears him coming up the steps, huffing and puffing, footsteps echoing and hollow. She turns, ever so slowly, sees his shadow spilling up the wall from below...

... and he comes into view at the landing, a dark silhouette with a gleaming knife, peering up at her.

He starts trudging up the steps. She holds out the shard as if to ward him off. He laughs softly and just keeps coming:

PETER
This is funny. I mean, all you gotta do is go out that door. But you can't, can you?

No. She can't. She presses further back into the shadows.

PETER
Has it occurred to you, Helen... you might be the first person in history... to die of agoraphobia?

He laughs once, a harsh echo in the stairwell... and keeps coming up, closer, almost within reach now...

HELEN

closes her eyes, hand trembling, seeking, trying to make the toughest decision of all, hand finding the door...

... and she slams it open as Peter lunges up --

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

Helen throws herself out the door, trying to run, the panic making her knees rubbery --

Peter exits the stairwell behind her, his face a tattered bleeding ruin, following her --

-- and she keeps going, world spinning queasily, roof tilting beneath her feet, grabbing a ventilation pipe to keep from falling, staggers dizzily on, grabs the next one, keeps going, still trying to escape --

-- but he catches up easily, hobbling beside her gleefully as she lurches unsteadily on --

PETER
Helen! Great news! Looks like I cured you!

-- taunting her with the knife, making quick threatening jabs like a kid tormenting an animal with a stick --

PETER
You've been locked up in the house... for over a year...

-- and she lashes out with the mirror shard, trying to strike back, but he evades it easily, knocks it from her hand, keeps circling like a schoolyard bully, jabbing and taunting with the blade --

PETER
And you're not even gonna thank me?

-- and we realize that the trees are THROBBING WITH RED AND BLUE LIGHTS. We hear cars SCREECHING to a stop. Suddenly, a brilliant spotlight erupts from the sky above their heads, probing, turning night into day. The glare is harsh, incredible, surreal. Peter blinks up, covering his eyes as it ROARS overhead with a CLATTER OF ROTORS, pinning them in a circle of holy white light.

PETER
Whoa. Look...

He grabs her, gets her in a chokehold from behind, spins her around and around in a circling glare --

PETER
... it's the news! Perfect. We're going out live, Helen!!!

-- and he raises his bowie knife to her throat for the final, quick, violent slash --

-- and we barely hear the gunshot above the helicopter noise, but a bullet shears through his shoulder, leaving a gaping, bloody hole. He drops his knife, goes to his knees. Helen turns, sees:

M.J. in the shadows, shivering, gun wavering in her textbook two-handed grip. She glances to Helen. Come toward me.

Helen starts forward, but M.J.'s gaze snaps past her --

M.J.
Don't!

Helen looks back and sees Peter groping for the knife, sees him struggling to rise --

PETER

starts laughing, his grin mirthless and bloody.

PETER
You stupid bitches are all the same.

CLOSEUP ON M.J.

Trembling. She's weak from shock, loss of blood, her gun arm droops with the burdening weight of the pistol... Then --

PETER

snatches up the knife, lunging to his feet and hurtling toward Helen with a PROLONGED WAIL of lunatic rage --.

M.J.

starts FIRING. Emptying the clip.

PETER (SLOW MOTION)

takes every round, SCREAMING and getting shredded to pieces, bullets chewing through him, driving him to his knees --

-- and the last shot takes him right between the eyes, snapping his head back, slamming him flat.

ANGLE LOOKING STRAIGHT DOWN

at Peter's dead face. Or what's left of it. All we hear now is the GHOSTLY CHATTER of police radios and the surreal THUMPING OF HELICOPTER ROTORS. CAMERA RISES SLOWLY, DRIFTING UP AND UP, leaving Peter sprawled and lifeless on the roof as we

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

M.J. is trembling, covered with blood from the wound in her collarbone. PARAMEDICS lift her kevlar vest away, revealing a massive bruise where the fatal shot was deflected. She's dopey with shock, unaware how hurt she is:

M.J.
I think I maybe busted some ribs.

PARAMEDIC
I think maybe you did.
(to his partner)
Gimme a pressure pad here.

They apply the pad to her wound, easing her back on the gurney. She blinks up, seeing Quinn.

QUINN
Good work, Inspector.

M.J.
(voice small)
I don't think so, sir.

QUINN
Don't you give that shit-stain another thought, M.J. Not another thought. You hear me?

The Medics rush the gurney to the ambulance, loading her in. Quinn turns and sees Helen, a blanket draped around her.

HELEN
Can I ride with her?

Quinn takes her arm, guides her through the crush of bodies --

QUINN
Let the lady through.

-- and helps her into the ambulance. The doors are slammed. The vehicle departs in a glare of minicam lights as Susan Schiffer hungrily delivers a live report...

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Helen rides alone with M.J., save for a watchful paramedic. M.J. looks up, recognizes Helen, gives her a smile:

M.J.
Hey. You got out of the house.

Helen laughs, trying not to cry.

HELEN
Yeah, I guess I did.

M.J. takes Helen's hand, gives it a comforting squeeze.

M.J.
Gonna be okay?

Helen has to laugh again, but this time the tears do come.

HELEN
Gonna try.

EXT. RISING AERIAL SHOT - NIGHT

We follow the ambulance as it speeds through the city streets, blaring through intersections, turning corner, growing smaller and smaller below us as:

DARRYL LEE (V.O.)
Dear Conrad. Got your letter, and can't tell you how much it meant to me. I can see you're a very sensitive person, which is why folks don't understand you. Folks just don't appreciate a sensitive man...

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

We find Darryl Lee hunched over his tiny desk, scribbling away as ANGLE WIDENS SLOWLY OUT.

DARRYL LEE (V.O.)
...I'm pleased you share my keen interest in Dr. Helen Hudson. Just so happens, I have a pair of her undies that she signed personal to me, a priceless collectors item I'm sure you will agree. Now remember, Conrad, the disciples of Jesus went forth and spread his holy word throughout the land. So in return, I would like you to attend to a little unfinished business of mine... I like to think of her as my unfinished symphony...

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END